

## Sensual

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## Sensual

by [xshittylialive](#)

### Summary

“I’m doing it tonight!”  
“Doing what exactly?”  
“Reading the fic,” Dream hums softly. “Heatwaves.”

-> Dream finally reads Heatwaves and George has to listen to all his opinions, while fighting his own feelings.

### Notes

I just couldn't stop thinking about this. How they would actually react. Wasn't planning on posting it but like life has no meaning so here you go. There will probably be one more chapter we will see how long will i keep manically writing it.

Obviously inspired by Heatwaves by tbhyourelame.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

## **breathing gets hard sometimes**

“I’m doing it tonight!”

“Doing what exactly?” George shoots back.

It’s late. It’s late in Florida and it’s too late in England. Or really early. Depends on how you look at it.

It feels way too late for George but as his eyes look out to the morning brightness he feels like he should not go to sleep just yet. He should be used to this by now. This is a reoccurring thing, everyone knows he exists purely on American time, purely because of a certain American man. The mysterious man is on the phone right now, speaking softly too.

“Reading the fic,” Dream hums softly. “Heatwaves. I wanna get on the jokes. I actually keep getting so many TikToks about it, it’s kinda funny,” his laugh is softer under the darkness of the night, George sometimes prefers it to the loudness of their prime streaming time hours.

“Dream, it’s like 2 a.m. Don’t read it now. It’s kind of long...”

“It’s just 12 chapters,”

“Long chapters...” he mumbles. “At least I think so,” he adds, something scratches in his throat. He gets flooded by memories of words, not his own but they could be, he can almost imagine the heatwaves George, confused.... warm.

The song is still on top of his recently listened to. He can’t get it out of his head. It feels obsessive in a way. In an unhealthy way definitely. He should not read things like that, things that mess with his head.

“You don’t remember? Maybe we should read it together. Leave Sapnap out this time!” Dream chuckles slightly. There is no actual hurt in his voice, at least George didn’t catch it.

It would be weirder if they read it together, right? It wasn’t THAT explicit. He definitely read worse. But...

“I think I’m good,” that makes Dream laugh. Kind of too loudly for 2 a.m. and he wonders if Sapnap can hear it from his room, he can’t visualise it. Are their rooms opposite each other? Next to each other? Completely different sides of the house? He feels weirdly left out but it would be weirder to ask *‘hey Dream so tell me the layout of your house so I can visualise stuff right’*.

“Come on Georgie! We can even do voices. Play the song in the background...” Dream whispers with faked seduction lacing his voice. All he gets is a long sigh from George, which makes him laugh even more. Maybe it would be completely normal to ask stuff like that, with Dream saying stuff like this.

What even are boundaries. What even is weird for them anymore.

“Ask me again when I’m awake,” George mumbles against his phone. Even the morning sun can’t keep him awake any longer. Maybe not even Dream, who is quiet now, only abetting his consciousness at slipping from him.

“Sweet dreams, Georgie.”

"Don't leave," he finds himself mumbling, although it feels like his lips can't even move anymore.

"I'm here." he hears Dream mumble, the last words on his mind as he falls asleep.

...

-it's weird to want to comment on the some stuff? Like I write *hey I would never say a word like this*

that's like the worst idea I have ever heard -

-hm

really Dream don't. -

-how long till heatwaves would be trending you think?

long enough for me to strangle you-

-kinky Georgie

Not in the kinky way. In the murder way-

-still kinky.

George lets out a surprised laugh. He rolls his eyes just out of habit. His cat is looking at him like he's crazy. The apartment is too quiet for random outbursts of emotions. He really should stop. It's definitely not healthy to live on American time while in the UK. But they agreed. They worked hard to match up their sleep schedules, their body clocks already too dishevelled to turn it around to UK time instead.

-it feels kind of too poetic. Does that make sense?

-I like it tho

-it's really good

-but like real life is not this poetic

Dream I think that's the point of writers-

He can imagine he laughed at that. He definitely laughed. George knows him enough to know he definitely laughed. It brings warm feeling to his chest.

-it feels like the song pounds on the inside of my skull

Oh you listening to it? I actually like it a lot-

-it's like compulsory right? You have to listen to it.

-I found the YouTube one

-heatwaves but you're dream listening to it for the first time

-it seemed fitting

-because u know

-I'm Dream.

-Listening to it.

-For the first time

Very funny dream. Incredible joke. I have already nominated you for the joke of the year award  
don't even ask-

Dream doesn't respond and George doesn't mind. He finds himself looking out the window into the dark night. Another ambulance passes by. It wouldn't be London if it didn't.

*It feels wrong*, George keeps thinking about that. *It feels wrong to be awake this late and not do anything.*

It's okay when he streams. It's okay when he is just a presence in someone else's stream. But on the nights that he gets off, it feels wrong. There is nothing to do at 2 a.m. UK time.

Other than talk to his friends. But that's not happening tonight. The only one who has a green light next to their icon is Dream. And obviously he is busy now too.

-I have dreams about you sometimes

The message comes as a sign from heaven that Dream is not ignoring him. Oh no, he is not, he is just reading Heatwaves. A fan written love story about him and his best friend. Completely normal.

*What even is normal anymore*, comes a voice somewhere from deep inside George. And then he feels like Dream would call that too poetic, so he pushes it away, lets his thoughts clear away the sweet melody of *sometimes all I think about is you*.

Aw Dreaaam-

That is the only thing he can muster up. He doesn't wanna ask. He does wanna pry because maybe he doesn't wanna know.

-it's weird because usually you don't have a body. Or it doesn't have any substance. It's just your shoulders and head and like your hands sometimes. Like what you see on stream. Is that weird?

-how do you see me in your dreams

He doesn't ask if he ever had any. He just assumes he had. Is that normal? Does that happen a lot? George doesn't dream much or better said doesn't remember any of his dreams. He knows that it is normal to see people from your life in your dreams. Sometimes even random people that are nothing but faces passing by. But he doesn't know, doesn't remember if he ever had a random face for Dream.

I don't -

He writes instead. He sees Dream typing.

Stopped typing.

Typing again.

Did he say something wrong? Is it worse to not dream about him than it is dream about him? What is normal? What is casual?

-you break my heart Georgie

I don't remember a lot of my dreams. Actually like almost none. Is that weird? -

-maybe you're just not an imaginative person idk

Cat jumps on his bed and slowly stretches before settling near his hip. It's hot. It's too hot for the

middle of the night in England but the heatwaves got him even here. He wants to sleep just so he doesn't have to think. But there is not a bit of tiredness in his body. And he can't fuck up his schedule. Maybe he should watch something. Yeah, a movie might be nice. That is at least two hours. That will be close enough to morning to maybe then go to sleep.

-I would like to kiss your forehead

George sees the message pop up but doesn't open it, just shuts his phone right away. The air feels heavy and he can't breathe. He knows what Dream is referring to. He actually can't breathe. His fingers sink into the cat's fur just so he has something to do. He feels another buzz come though. Another message. It's definitely just a 'jk'. Or something pulling then out from *the flirting to we're just friends messing around*. He opens his phone and the messages show up.

-although I think you're too short for that too lol

-maybe you should like style your hair or sth when we meet

-just so I don't have to crane my neck so low I can kiss your hair or sth

It's close enough to 'jk', he thinks, as he starts typing. He breaths a little better. It's okay. Dream will finish this and they will go back to their boring conversations about Minecraft and the meaning of existence. George stops for a minute. Looks into the dark and wonders what comments will he give on the upcoming part. *The chapter*.

*You need to be kissed*, resonates in his mind, Dream's voice but not his enough. He forgets how to breathe again. Something sits in his stomach and he doesn't know how to get it off, how to shake the weird feeling that fallen upon his body.

I can just get like platform shoes I guess-

He sends the message without thinking. The implication is there but he doesn't dare finish it.

-oh yeah then I can kiss you on the lips. That's better

Dream on the other hand dares a bit too much.

He wonders if this is what Dream and Sapnap are like all day. Do they just wander into kitchen and joke about kissing each other? Or is that reserved for late nights and messages to George? He

doesn't know which is worse.

-why don't you send sensual selfies to me?

because you'd save them all and post on twitter for everyone to see? Like literally every photo you have of me?-

-I don't post every photo of you

How many do you actually have-

-Not enough

How do you even take a sensual photo. It just doesn't seem like something I would do-

-well the photo can be sensual without the intend to be

what even -

He doesn't finish that. He can't imagine feeling... sexy. He can't imagine feeling hot and taking a photo that actually transfers it and then actually sending that photo of him being hot to his best friend. It just feels dangerous. Forbidden. Impossible.

-do you think I have pretty hands? It's mentioned a lot in fanfic but I feel like it's just bc it's one of the few parts people seen

not as nice as corpse-

He writes and laughs when Dream immediately starts typing.

but I guess they're okay-

He adds. He wants to add more but Dream is quicker.

-I'm actually posting this on twt what the fuck George you're supposed to be my simp. This is not fair. You can't just switch lanes to other faceless youtuber

what's stopping me-

He is smiling now. It's easy to joke. To take jabs, to make fun of everything they say. It's easy. It's better. It's definitely better.

Dream doesn't respond and George hums to himself. Cat is purring. Another ambulance passes by. He sits up on the bed careful to not wake up the cat and just takes his laptop from the nightstand. A movie. Yeah, that's what he wanted to do.

He is in the middle of a random movie from his watchlist when Dream's name lights up on his screen. A call? Why is he calling? Is something wrong?

"Everything okay?" he whispers into the phone because talking out loud feels wrong somehow.

"It's so... The word keeps slipping from me. Intoxicating? I can't stop re-reading the chapter about when you stream. Is that weird? It's just... there's this whole tension and I keep listening to the song and I can't stop thinking about it. Did that happen to you too?"

George's breath hitches. He knows a little too well what he means.

"Yeah kind of," he murmurs. It feels like his voice is coming from afar. "It's a really good chapter. The build up and all..."

"But like can you imagine that? You, streaming, while I say stuff like that to you. Like it feels kinda wrong, like we have young viewers but like... It also feels so hot. What the fuck,"

*Yeah, what the fuck,* thinks George to himself. *What the fuck do you keep saying. Don't say stuff like that. That is not friendly.* He wants to scream but he doesn't say anything, just clears his throat.

"Yeah not to spoil stuff but everything goes downhill from there."

"Oh no, I don't want it to. I want them to continue."

George smushes his face into a pillow. He really feels like screaming

“You know how weird that sounds, right?” he mumbles but Dream understands it and just keeps laughing.

“I don’t want the angst, what’s weird about that? I want us to be happy and sexy and whispering sexy stuff and sending hot photos, is that too much to ask?”

He is joking. He is joking, but it feels like too much. It IS too much. He imagines if Sapnap or Bad or whoever said this to him, what would he say then. They wouldn’t, but if they did, maybe we would have known how to turn this into a joke, how to let the tension in his body go.

“Dream,” he mumbles again, just pure embarrassed as Dream laughs.

“Yes Georgie? I’m here Georgie. Send me a photo of your hand grappling the sheets Georgie!”

And just because George thinks it’s funny, he switches to the messages and takes a photo of his hand on the sheets, not exactly grappling them but he still sends it, and when he hears a soft laugh from Dream he thinks it was a good decision. Very funny. Good response George.

“Not exactly grappling but I guess you can’t give me everything,” Dream laughs much more softly now. “Bet you would put more effort in for Corpse tho.”

That boy really doesn’t know when to stop. And maybe George doesn’t know either.

“Nah, he wants to see other things than my hands,” he says, weird confidence seeping into his voice and Dream chokes. He heaves and starts coughing and George bursts into a laugh.

“George!” he hears him scream so loud Sapnap has to hear it wherever his room in the house is. George just keeps on laughing.

There is a knock. Not on his door, it’s coming from the phone.

“Can you keep your misadventures quiet?” comes Sapnap’s voice from afar. He heard.

“You wouldn’t believe what he just said!” he hears Dream respond. Imagines the situation. His

hearts tugs at the thought that this could be him just casually walking into Dream's room to talk to him or just to see him... To see him.

"I don't wanna know actually," his voice is now closer. "Hey Gogy. Keep him quiet. I'm napping. This is a day off, I can ask for a day off from your homiesexuality, right?" Sapnap screams although George hears him okay enough. He just laughs. Not much, just a little, just to acknowledge that nothing about this is serious and they're just friends messing around.

"Hey Sap. Have a good night," he says and Dream repeats his words to Sapnap.

He wants to be there.

He doesn't wanna be there on a screen, he wants to be there and joke with them in real life. He doesn't wanna be deep into the night when the sun is just setting there. He doesn't wanna look at the sun when he hears goodnight from Dream.

It's all wrong. All so wrong.

"Heatwaves is actually good but George said there will be angst coming and I don't wanna read that,"

"I said no homiesexual stuff!" said Sapnap and then George hears the door close. Dream is laughing to himself now. It's all a mess, three presences not at all connected and comprehended.

"I'm actually gonna keep reading, I think," Dream says, to George now.

He is back. There is no real life presence overshadowing his internet one. It's all back.

"Ugh" Dream laughs at his annoyance but doesn't say anything. "I—" he starts but then he stops. "I don't like the next chapters," he says again. "It feels like something is wrong. Like I know that's what it is supposed to feel like but I don't like something being wrong between us," his throat feels too raw as if he just admitted something although the words were okay enough. At least he thinks so.

"It's part of the story, yeah. I will see and give you my opinion. Maybe leave a comment about how unrealistic this is because we never fight!" Dream laughs.

It's back again. They are back.

"Yeah, text me all your comments,"

“Do you just wanna stay on call?”

No. No, he definitely doesn't.

“I was in the middle of a movie. Call later, then?”

“Okay. Don't fall asleep on me! I'm gonna finish it tonight!”

”I will try,” his voice is soft, too soft, but he can't stop himself. The call ends without any pleasantries and it feels wrong. He settles back and stares at the movie and tries to get back into the plot. The only words on his mind are *I burn you? You melt me.*

The movie ends and he starts another. He won't remove them from the watch list because he doesn't think he even knows what is he watching. He feels like he didn't settle back into his body yet.

In the middle of the second movie he stops and just goes to the bathroom. He stares into the mirror at his messy hair and tired dark eyes and he brings out his phone and he tries, he really tries, but every photo comes out awkward. Funny. If he had his goggles on it could be a twitter react pic. It would be funny. He doesn't wanna be funny.

He returns to bed, leaves the movie playing and just turns the phone over in his hands. The thought of him streaming and Dream on the phone...

Saying stuff. Telling him stuff like that...

God, he should stop, he really should. He shuffles on the bed. Doesn't dare think about how he is getting turned on by that thought. Doesn't dare think about Dream, his Dream nor fanfiction Dream, letting his voice low and telling him how is he so smart... *Buzz*. Attractive... *Buzz*. That he needs to be kissed. *Buzz*.

He lets out a breath and stops the movie. Looks at the phone. A green screen. Dream written in bold letters.

“You finished already?”

“Tell me you wouldn't be like that!”

“What?” his mind is too fuzzy to catch up. Dream sounds... Wrong. Stressed.

“Like if I send you a paragraph like that... You wouldn’t react like that right? I feel like you wouldn’t but maybe it’s just me?”

“Yeah... Uhm. No. I-... I said I don’t like that part,”

“Good.” It’s firm. He still hears the stress in his voice.

“But I guess we will never know,” he adds with enough teasing that Dream laughs.

“Yeah. You have no grandparents on a farm without a phone signal. That is the only thing saving us,”

“Yeah, yeah. Only thing saving you. Otherwise I know, if I just left for a week you would be a mess!”

“You would be a mess! You would call me after the first night like Dweam, Dweam, please, I miss you, talk to me Dweam, I miss your voice!”

“I feel like you’re projecting a bit, Dweam,” he teases just because he can.

It’s done. Dream finished Heatwaves. Stated his opinions. They can move on. It’s too late for an existential debate but maybe they can talk about the plugin for next week.

“Yeah, maybe I am?” he sighs “But actually, it’s really good. I get why it’s everywhere. I don’t know if TikTok is gonna give me even more videos about it now that I’ve read it, or less. Do you think they track your Ao3 history? That would be actually insane.”

“I don’t know, do you get a lot of tiktoks about fucking me senseless?”

George doesn’t know where that came from and he winces but Dream laughs.

It’s okay. All okay.

“No, but I get a lot about you being a bottom,” he jokes and George closes his eyes, feels his face heating up. He just groans in annoyance, a sound followed by more laughter from the other boy.

“They just say that because you're taller,” he murmurs.

“Yeah George. I could crush you. I'm a gentle giant,” he says and yeah, maybe it's not all back to normal. Maybe there is no normal.

“Will you kiss me so I don't remember my name too?” he asks just because he feels there is nothing to lose anymore. If Dream can keep joking like this, he can too.

“There is no other way available, George.”

“Shut up actually,” his face is hot. It's so hot. He feels like hiding under his covers even though Dream can't see him.

Dream's laughter fades into the night. They keep talking. Dream keeps talking. He keeps going from chapter to chapter saying stuff, reading stuff, because he actually took down some notes, so he remembered all he wanted to tell him. He gives his insight (*I actually like beaches and have no reoccurring nightmares*) and also gives praise (*they know our dynamic so well it's crazy actually!*).

The morning sun is up already when he hears Dream say “You need to be kissed, George. so hard that you can't remember your name—maybe then you'll understand what I mean.” he reads and George can't breathe.

He actually can't breathe. He wants to make a joke, he feels like he hasn't spoken in so long it's actually worrying. His laptop died, movie unfinished. Cat left his side. Only Dream stayed. Everything else lost, only Dream here. Not even here.

“Like that line is so... Fuuuuck. It's actually so good!”

It's too good. It's too good to be said on this occasion on this lame monday morning when the sun is softly coming through his window. It's too good and too much to be coming from Dream's mouth. His Dream's mouth. It doesn't have the spark of that moment but he can imagine it. He would like to imagine it but there isn't even a face to add to the imagined kiss. Maybe Dream was right and he just doesn't know how to imagine things.

“Feeling sleepy?” the voice comes softer. George realises he still didn't say a word.

“A bit,” his voice is too low, too grumpy, and Dream just laughs.

“Sleepy Gogy,” he mutters to himself. “Go to sleep. We’re streaming in the evening, right?”

“Yeah, yeah” he mumbles. “Can you keep talking?” he says just because he can’t stop himself.

“Am I putting you to sleep with my boring talking? Wow, Georgie. Breaking my heart all over again. Okay, then. I was thinking...” the words are not important. He listens to the ruff of the voice. To the vibrations his phone gives off. He settles down cuddles the pillow more.

*You need to be kissed...*

## **maybe, I can**

### Chapter Summary

Dream tries new things. George is for sure losing his mind.

### Chapter Notes

\* this chapter contains some mature scenes \*

Yeah, maybe don't read if you're uncomfortable with that.

Thanks for the kudos and comments, that's like the first serotonin I got in months.

-also there is like a Larry reference. Ignore that. Don't know where that came from. But I'm leaving it in because it's funny.

George keeps looking at his phone and the last messages

Dream? -

You're kinda late-

Dweamy boiii-

Boiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii-

Okay I'm starting without you-

Okay where r you actually it's been half an hour everyone is here-

You don't need to come online I just need to know you're okay-

“Sapnap can you go check up on him?” says Karl because he sees it. Hears it. The worry in George’s voice. The crease in his brows.

“I already did! He’s not home! Idk where he left!” Sapnap said the sound of his fingers tapping on phone evident. He is texting him too. What the fuck is he doing actually. This isn’t like him.

A while. A moment. George dies because Karl punched him a bit too many times but he doesn't even care, his mind keeps slipping.

“He just texted,” says Sapnap and George perks up, looks at his phone with the still unread messages.

“Apparently there is something he needs to take care of and can't join. God, I don't even wanna know what he is getting himself into. Dumbass,” Sapnap says and the boys laugh. He doesn't. The messages are still unread.

“Georgeeee,” sounds Quackity's voice over autotune. “Little Georgiie is gonna miss his Dream, little Georgie can't be without his big Dream. Two hearts one home? Two homes one heart? Dream? Not found!”

The call is filled with laughter at the ship name being a little too literal and George snickers but his eyes slip over to his phone again. No new messages. No read messages. Did he do something wrong? Is it because of him?

His phone stars buzzing and he stares at the green screen. He is too quick, fumbles with the phone.

“Sorry guys, I have to take this,” he says before muting himself just as he answers.

“Dream? Are you okay?”

“Unmute yourself!”

“What? I'm not mu-...”

“The stream. Unmute the stream.”

He hovers over the button and clicks it before questioning.

“What? Why even...”

The chat is filled with GEORGE NOT MUTED and he just frowns.

“I wanna be able to hear,” his voice is suddenly lower.

“Hear what exactly? You're on the phone!” he looks over to the camera as if it would give him the answer. The answer comes. Just not the one he expected.

“Your lips look so soft,” comes a quiet whisper. There is a certain tremble to it. Uncertainty. George looks at the phone. It is Dream. Why is Dream saying stuff like this. Why does he have to be unmuted for it? What the fuck?

“Uhm thanks?” he frowns, unsure.

“So soft,” he repeats as if for himself. “And so big. But I guess they would fit right around my cock.”

George splutters, loses his breath and breaths in too much all at the same time.

“What the fuck Dream!” he screams. The chat goes crazy, he watches over the messages. It doesn’t end there.

“Your cheeks look so good when you blush. Would you blush as you blow me? I bet you would,” Dream’s voice is still a low rumble and George just frowns, settles deeper into the chair, his mind racing. He doesn’t know what is this, what is happening. His eyes slide over to chat all worried and then he sees it. He sees the words repeated a few times.

*Heatwaves.*

*Heatwaves.*

*Heatwaves.*

“Are you actually trying to do this right now?” he groans. Silence. Dream has been caught. He hears the annoyed groan come through the phone.

“You’re ruining the moment George,” he mumbles and George just laughs. He laughs because that’s the only thing he can do, other than losing it. He mutes himself again and turns away from the computer.

“You’re actually insane!”

“You muted yourself again.”

“Yeah, I don’t want them to hear!”

“But I wanna hear,” comes a whimper from Dream. George feels like he is actually losing it.

“Dream we are on a call, you can literally hear me right now!”

“It’s... It’s not the same.”

“Fuck you honestly. What was the point of this? The heatwaves Dream never even went this far for fuck’s sake. He was at least romantic, you just jumped straight to blowjobs in like three seconds, no build up!”

“Are you actually giving me notes on how to turn you on better?”

“Well you obviously can’t do it by yourself!”

“That’s actually mean,”

And just because George feels like he can mess with him a bit more because this is actually insane.

“I bet Corpse would know what to say...” he says, now his voice a low rumble for a change as he swings a bit in his chair and looks straight into the camera. He hears the hitch in Dream’s breath and laughs.

“GEORGE! WHAT THE FUCK!”

“I have to go Dream. Stream is waiting. Join in if you feel like it,” he laughs and hangs up and unmutes and apologizes to chat who is still in shambles, the most used words being dream, heatwaves, the fanfiction writes itself and obviously the old classic, pure OMG.

“Was that Dream?” Sapnap asks and George laughs. He has to laugh. There is no other reaction he can give right now. He is going insane. He actually is going absolutely batshit crazy.

“Yeah.”

“What did he want?”

“Be an annoying bitch,” he mumbles. A message pops up.

*Dream has joined...*

Dream : you're annoying

*Dream left the world.*

And he laughs. He laughs because it's not like Dream called him and actually wanted to turn him on. It was all jokes. All jokes between lads. Just guys being dudes. Just Dream being... Dream.

...

The morning sun was up and the stream just ended. This was his first sunrise without Dream’s voice on a call in a while but George tried to not dwell on that.

*It's okay.*

*It's hard.*

*Can't be talking all the time.*

He laughed to himself as he opened twitter and saw the hashtags he left behind. Heatwaves was trending number one. George smiled.

And because he felt like he could joke about this more he opened Snapchat and went to take a photo. He licked his lips, left them wet and looked into the camera just to see if it would even show up in the photo. He leaned into the chair more. Smiled softly. Decided it would be better to have mouth slightly open.

It was what Dream was dreaming about obviously.

He cut off his head a fair bit. His lips the most prominent. His neck strained and his collarbone just showing because he tugged on his t-shirt a bit too much. Dishevelled. Sensual. A lot like heatwaves George but not at all.

He sent it without a caption or a second thought.

It was too late. Too early.

And it was funny. It was exactly what Dream tried to do earlier so he could definitely do the same. He looked out the window as he felt his phone buzz. That was quick. Another buzz.

*Dream replayed your message.*

Another buzz

*Dream took a screenshot.*

Fuck. Fuck. He forgot that this is a thing Dream can do. Have actual evidence of this late early messy thing.

George's heart dropped.

Heatwaves Dream at least asked-

He found himself writing.

-I think you remember it wrong

Dream wrote back instantly. Then a snap. Second snap.

George opened the first one. It was a mouth. Unfamiliar mouth. Too close to really imagine the rest. It was a mouth, a finger in between the lips as if to signalize Dream was nervous... Unsure? Playful? He didn't know how to interpret it.

He took a screenshot just out of spite.

The image switched to the second one and at first, his brain didn't comprehend it.

One beat.

Two.

And he just straightened and took another look at the photo, at the defined lines and lean torso and the... The V so defined, just hidden enough under the gray sweatpants. Dream's hands resting just over where the outline of his dick would be. The photo. He couldn't breathe.

He had gotten nudes before. Even unprecedeted nudes before, but never nudes of his best friend at

7:35 in the morning. Never so... Sensual. The snap ended and he replayed it instantly turning his phone to looks better. He took a screenshot because he wanted to see, wanted to look for more detail, wanted to think on it, preferably when he wasn't tired and out of his mind. He knew it would seem crazy when he woke up. He already felt the shame prickling trying to find his way in. A message from Dream popped up.

-that's 2 for 1. Not exactly fair. I think you owe me one back

George looked at that message and turned it over in his brain. Is this a joke? Is this a joke? Is Dream trying to get something from him? Something to post on twitter? Something to blackmail him with? What would the tweet even be? *Nothing better than sending your homies a nude this fine evening.* George could already imagine the hashtags for that.

Another snap came through and George clicked on it immediately. Another angle. Dream sitting up, leaning over, his bicep showing. His lips on the bicep, the rest of his face hidden by his messy curls. He was flexing all his best assets obviously. Why was it so hot? Why couldn't he stop staring?

He took a screenshot automatically.

Dream sent a smiley face.

-now you owe me 2 actually.

George nibbled on his finger. Now he understood the first picture. He knew what the feeling was and he said to himself he would indulge because he really didn't want to stop, at least not now.

*If I send him three he has to send another,* was the very rational reaction to those messages and he smiled as he opened the camera and send a replica of Dream's photo.

A finger on his mouth, just nibbling on the edge of something else. He sent that.

The screenshot notification came through quickly. He got up because the antsy feeling just heightened. He plopped down on the bed. It seemed more appropriate.

He found himself moving without a second thought. He angled the camera. His mouth that Dream so so praised just in view as he tugged on his collar, letting it down, showing his chest, his head slightly angled back. It looked like he was in the middle of something unholy but he still sent that.

It took one replay before the screenshot came.

George wondered if he has to send another if he wants a photo back. He was already angling it when a notification came through and he clicked on it. Dream's hand around his throat, his head arched back in similar way, mouth open. God, it looked like his skin was glowing.

Screenshot.

Camera.

He knew there wasn't a lot in terms of definition but he still took his shirt off caught an image of himself biting his lip, touching one of his nipples.

Screenshot.

A message from Dream.

His deep V was back and the palm was not hiding his bulge anymore, it was touching it.

Screenshot.

George indulged for a bit his hand slipping into his own sweatpants without a second thought.

His camera was open before he stopped himself, a photo of him a hand down his pants already prepared to be sent. He sent it and the wave of shame hit him.

Finally.

A bit late.

*What the fuck George?*

*That's too much, that's gonna be too much. You ruined it.*

*You ruined it.*

The screenshot came through and he winced.

A photo. He still clicked on it.

It was even worse. It was even worse because Dream took it a bit farther, a bit deeper, because Dream actually send him a dick pic, his hand around his hard on. George's hand returned to the previous job without a second thought.

*It's too much, it's too much*, he thought but he took the screenshot and opened the camera and took the photo. His dick out. Pre-come leaking down a bit.

He still sent it.

The screenshot still came through.

The next photo never came but a call from Dream did and he accepted it, panting because he couldn't stop himself.

“Dream?” he mumbled.

“Camera,” he sounded as breathless as George felt and when he looked at his phone he already saw the visual of the photo translated to video, Dream with his dick out pumping as he was panting hardly. George turned on the camera too but it switched to his face and he quickly turned it

around.

“Your face... Back,” he heard Dream mumble and he turned it back, positioned himself so he would look less like a sack of potatoes.

“Fuck George. Your mouth is actually so pretty,” he mumbled and George licked it just because.

Dream moaned. Actually moaned and George closed his eyes, let himself get lost in the drunkenness of this moment.

So wrong. But so right.

“Say my name George?”

“Dream,” he let out. Not enough air. Too strangled.

“Not that... The other one?” George winced and he wet his lips again.

“Clay?” too soft. Too wrong. Too right.

What followed was a deep moan. George was looking as Dream came right there on his screen and he picked up the pace, wanted to follow.

“Can I see you whole?” came a request from Dream. A soft whimper.

“I-..” he pulled away the camera. Tried to fit all of him but it wouldn't so he just switched to his dick let Dream see as he came because that's what Dream has given him and he had to keep the score even.

“Fuck, George. Let me see your face,” he switched the camera and looked at himself.Flushed. Sweaty. Panting.

“George you don't even know how much I would like to kiss you right now,” it was so ...soft. So soft and so genuine. He liked it way better than the *you need to be kissed* from heatwaves Dream. Maybe because this was his Dream.

“Clay,” he repeated the last word on his tongue. It still felt wrong, too personal.

“Yes George?”

“I’m gonna go sleep,” he said.

He needed to get off.

He needed to clean himself up.

He needed to sleep and forget about this like every other dream.

Would the screenshots still be there in the morning? Evening?

“Sleep. I’m sorry for keeping you up.”

“It’s good. Talk to you later?”

“I hope so.”

## **too much**

### Chapter Summary

Just a game of Jackbox and they don't know how to behave.

### Chapter Notes

I don't remember how Jackbox works so I hope this is good enough. Enjoy. I don't know where I'm going with this story it was supposed to be a one-shot story and now I'm writing it at work instead of doing my very professional government job. Don't tell my boss.

George wakes up to the sun setting down. He feels... Rested. A feeling that doesn't come often but is always cherished. He feels almost sluggish as he reaches for his phone and unlocks it. Stops breathing for a second when the first thing he sees are all the screenshots from this morning.

This morning.

It feels like centuries ago. It feels like it hasn't happened yet.

But it did.

It did because the proof is right before him.

Shame crawls all over his skin. Deep, deep shame. Deep shame that he started this, that he pulled Dream into something so messy, something so... wrong.

And Dream just followed because of course he did, because it was funny, it was supposed to be funny, and now he has Dream's dick pictures saved on his phone and Dream has a collection of his own unraveling.

There is no way they can come back from this. There is no way he will go to Florida and have a room and have nights where him and Dream talk about everything and nothing, and share space and meals and bicker about who's gonna do the laundry and Sapnap is the one left to do it because he actually secretly likes to do the laundry.

It's never going to happen.

Dream... Dream didn't even show his face. God. Dream has photos of George with his face. He knows Dream, knows he wouldn't just post that, it was too much, not funny enough, too much serious consequences. But it still bites at him, just how easily Dream has gotten prime blackmail out of him. Better, just got it sent willingly.

George kind of regrets not saving any of his photos. He wants to see them, dwell on just how bad they were. Dwell on if he actually was being a self that he couldn't imagine before, if he was what heatwaves George was and real George tried.

It's all so so wrong.

He looks at the messages. He feels even worse. It's too much it's all too much and he stares at Dream's green icon and wonders if he should say something.

"Talk to you later."

"I hope so."

Was that a threat? Was that a hopeful wish? Every memory is fuzzy, stained with the presence of Dream, his breathing hard as he says his name.

*George.*

*George.*

*Clay.*

There is no amount of damage control that would fix this.

George still types out the message. Short. To the point.

streaming later? -

-oh you're awake finally

It takes Dream less than half a minute. It somehow still feels too long.

-Karl wanted to do Jackbox

HE ALWAYS WANTS TO DO JACKBOX-

He writes because that is normal. That is what we would have said.

-yeah I think he likes the pandering aspect. Can tell Sapnap that he's pretty and pretend it's all for the game

Yeah imagine being that desperate-

George writes. It feels like a jab at himself.

-how r u feeling?

This is it. Dream is starting the conversation. He is too much of a coward.

quite rested-

-oh good to know

-it was kind of quick and overwhelming

-next time we will take our time

*Next time. Next time.*

George can't breathe. He might pass away from the lack of oxygen actually entering his body. His head hurts.

Next time? -

-doesn't have to be

-would like if was

It feels too much not like Dream. Sentences of grammatical ambiguity...of emotional ambiguity. Are they gonna be fuck buddies now? Friends with benefits? Is he the Ashton Kutcher or Mila Kunis?

so it's not like weird? -

George actually hates himself. That is actually so cringe. Why are they being so dumb, so cringe.

-should it be?

Dream is too casual. It's not healthy. They should probably talk about it, talk about it all, talk about what it means, what it changes, what's the consequences. But Dream just writes

-it was hot

The most Dream thing ever. And George is too much of a coward, too scared to lose the Dream he has.

You were hot-

He means it as a jab. It comes out too flirty. Dream definitely laughed. He had to laugh.

-you were hotter. Got the pictures to prove it

got some pictures that prove otherwise-

-oh yeah keep that safe. I worked hard on them

- ;)

George feels like when he was 16 and this girl in his class said something really smart about the little game they were trying to code and he couldn't stop thinking about her for the next year. Maybe it was always supposed to be like this. Dream definitely said very smart things about coding too. Maybe he has a type.

The thought of something... more. Of Dream being the same as his girl crush just being... guy crush. Dream crush.

*Yeah, let's not dwell on that just yet.*

-Karl said he would like us to join

-If I get you in rap battle I'm talking about blowjobs again

George just snickers. Dickhead.

I'm gonna make some food. Prepare for stream and all-can't wait <3

It feels like too much and not enough.

.....

It's weirdly easy and it's weird that it's easy. But George doesn't want it to be weird or uncomfortable or hard, so he doesn't force Dream to talk about it.

A coward. He has always been a coward. He never actually talked to the girl crush.

That's a lie. He said "you're good at coding" at one of the parties he was pulled along to and she just thanked him and that was it. That was all.

*What's a thing you're too afraid to tell your mother but your dentist already knows?*

The prompt is stupid and he snickers. *Stupid prompt, stupid answer*, he thinks to himself as he writes *I had ice cream for breakfast again*.

He is supposed to pander. He is supposed to say something about Dream or dogwater or askers or literally anything. But it's a stupid prompt. It really is.

When the time for his answer comes he watches as it displays on screen.

"Boooring!" screams Quackity.

"That has to be George!" says Karl and he laughs a bit. They know him too well.

The second answer pops up.

*that I had George's dick in my mouth this morning*

What the fuck. What the fuck. What the fuck.

He looks at the chat on Karl's stream and sees how quickly it starts flickering. Everyone in the call is laughing, screaming, yelling over each other, blaming each other for the answer.

Please, let it be Quackity joking. Let it not be him, please. It's too much.

The names reveal and he stares at Dream's name under the second answer.

"Dream!" Karl heaves and the call it too loud again.

Dream wins of course. This is how you pander.

George is quiplashed but he doesn't even react.

It was technically not in your mouth -

He finds himself writing. He hears Dream snicker out loud.

-wish it was

George inhales deeply.

Dream chuckles.

There is that feeling again. The secretiveness. The shared words, the underlying tension no one else can find out about. He loves it and hates it at the same time.

Dream wins the game at least. At least it was worth it.

...

It happens.

Dream and George are against each other and he writes quick *don't* before he goes to his prompts.

There is no answer but he hears Dream chuckle. He feels like this call is his own Whispering Gallery. This feels exactly like that.

When the time for their battle comes George goes first and feels the nerves get to him a bit.

*"when you come around you start mowing*

*the only think you're good for is blowing"*

It earns him a round of laughs and chat going crazy again. Dream takes a surprised breath. He almost feels proud.

*"hear you wanna be a bae*

*I'm sorry to me you're just clay"*

The name feels weird leaving his lips still. He hears the sharp inhale.

The name.

It's personal for Dream too.

“George what the fuck!” there are some screams in the back but he just laughs. He is so winning this. Dream laughs too. He shouldn't because George is definitely winning this.

“If I don't win...” he begins and Dream laughs again.

“Better not finish that!” he says and the words start appearing.

*"pretty boy build like a pear*

*our first date will be at build-a-bear"*

George's heart pounds. Not bad for now, almost normal. Classic them.

*"classic eggs in the morning with bacon*

*after I suck u off and leave u shaken"*

Too much. Too much. Too much.

“What the fuck!” Sapnap screams. “You’re supposed to roast each other, not have a foreplay!”

“I will get banned. They will actually ban me,” he hears Karl mumbling.

“Any banners? Any banners?” Quackity jokes and they all laugh. It’s 50 – 50. Dream wins. Probably because he is the favourite one. No big deal. There are always next rounds.

-I wish you were here

Reads a message from Dream

-just so I can choke you to death

-you can't say to not be sexual and then write that

-like what the fuck George

-I'm so hard rn and it feels wrong

like it's my fault horny boi-

It's so stupid. It's all too much.

Dream can't just casually tell him he is hard because of him or his heart might give out. It can't be so easy and so casual.

George looks at twitter and feels like this will be the twitter guy's villain origin story.

*The Minecraft fans. They trend just too much. Dreamnotfound but neither is my sanity.*

## **not enough**

### Chapter Summary

George is faced with the angst that he hates so much.

### Chapter Notes

Kinda short chapter so I'm sorry. But honestly after the last two livestreams I'm just tired.

Dream doesn't call after the stream is over and George doesn't call either. It's a cloudy morning, all dull and grey, and George stares out of the window, the stripped back version of Heatwaves playing in his headphones. He stares and stares because it's better than thinking because if he thinks, he knows he will think about Dream and he will think about how *they should definitely talk about this*.

*Everything is normal. Everything is okay.*

*But it feels like there is a wall. A dam, but instead of water, it's holding back all the unspoken words behind their actions. Actions. All actions have consequences. They should have consequences. They cannot pretend this is normal. Sapnap is his best friend, they joke like him and Dream too, but he can't imagine exchanging nudes with Sapnap. It should be the same. They joke the same. Although maybe not the same alas.*

He replays the song. He still doesn't think about Dream.

*Clay. Clay. It feels so weird. So foreign. It carries all these feelings. All this intimacy.*

*Say my name George...the other one.*

*Dream made it personal. Dream asked and made it personal. Asked to hear his name, asked for his name to be moaned. George can have the name. George can have his dick pics saved on his phone. He just can't see his face. Why? Why?!*

*It's all so wrong.*

He replays the song. Stares a bit longer. Doesn't think about Dream.

*They should talk about this. They should definitely talk. He needs to talk to someone, he needs to tell someone to tell him that he isn't going crazy, that this isn't just friendly, that there really is something hiding deeper. Sapnap? No. That feels wrong. He is too close to Dream. Physically and emotionally. Bad? Would he get this? Or is this similar with Skeppy? He most definitely can't say a word to Quackity.*

He replays the song again. Doesn't think about Dream.

*There is no one that would understand this because it's crazy, it's actually insane. He should just go to sleep. Sleep it all off. Maybe it will make sense when he wakes up. Maybe the screenshots will be gone. He really should delete them. What if someone hacks his phone? Discovers what a big part of their community is already suspecting? Maybe they would make sense of it, maybe they would analyse it and tell him what he is supposed to do.*

He doesn't replay it anymore. Just pulls the headphones out and leaves them on the table alongside with his phone. The bed is cold, so he snuggles under the covers. Still feels a bit cold. Bit empty. Takes the pillow from under his head and cuddles it. Maybe if he tries harder, he really won't think about Dream.

...

George hears the phone ringing and his hand reaches out, looking for it. His brain catches up a little too late, remembering he left it on the table. The table which is oh so far away. God, why is he so stupid.

The ringing stops and he opens his eyes, looks at the digital clock on the nightstand. 18:00. He has been sleeping a little too long.

It takes 20 minutes for him to fully wake up and make himself get up from the bed. He slumps right into the gaming chair and takes his phone. He sees a few missed messages. The missed call. From Dream.

Still sleepy, he immediately clicks to call back.

"Hello!" Dream sounds too cheerful. "Did I wake you up?"

"Technically," he gets up from the chair with a sigh and beelines it to the kitchen. The hunger is making himself known. "I overslept tho, so it's okay."

"Sorry I didn't call after the stream. I've fallen asleep. Didn't even know how tired I was..." George feels like there is something off about his voice but he is too sleepy and too hungry to question anything.

"It's alright. We don't need to call everyday."

"Oh," Dream definitely sounds hurt. "Yeah, we don't, I guess."

He should say something. *I spent all morning thinking about you either way. Wrong. We should talk.* Even worse.

"Who is streaming today? Or should I?" he says instead because that is easy. Talk about work. Talk about anything but their mornings together.

"I don't really know. Sapnap is definitely streaming, I think. Mentioned it during breakfast."

Breakfast. They have breakfast together. He stops in the middle of making his sandwich and just stares. Stares. Doesn't think about Dream.

Why does it feel so weird? They aren't supposed to be weird. Dream said it won't be weird. Is it his fault? Is it him who is making it weird?

"Dream," he says but he doesn't really know what he wants to say. There are no jokes. Where are the jokes?

"George?" Dream hums back.

They're too quiet. Too weird. George cringes at the tension.

"Everything okay?" speaks Dream again when all he gets is silence.

Is it? Is everything okay?

"I don't know," he sighs just because this is Dream. He can never lie to him. They never fight. But this is not a fight. This is the angst that he hates so much.

"Do you wanna talk?"

*Do you?*

"I just... I miss you," George admits and immediately regrets it.

"I'm sorry I didn't call,"

"Not the call... I just feel like I keep missing you Dream. All the time," his heart is beating too fast, he is revealing too much. "Whenever Sapnap just casually walks into your room or... Or you talk about breakfast and just like... Normal things. It just feels like I miss that. Although I've never had that, I keep missing it."

It's definitely too much. It's definitely too much.

"I miss you here too. Fuck- " he hears him shuffling around. "George I would give everything to be with you. In person. Like literally. Just say the word and I'm buying a ticket. For you here or for me, us, we can go anywhere."

It sounds so nice. It sounds so genuine. It's so serious.

"So you can kiss my forehead?" he jokes just because this is too much and he feels like crying and he has to turn it into a joke. He wants this to be easy again.

"I will kiss anything you want me to,"

This is not easy. This is so not easy. Where is the joke? Where are the jokes?

"Dream," he says but it comes out more as a whimper and Dream laughs.

"You have to wait with the name calling Georgie!"

A joke. A joke. He has been saved. Maybe there is a god after all.

"Why should I?" joke. Joke, he definitely can. "Clay?"

He hears Dream clearing his throat.

"Fuck George, the stuff you do to me," he whispers. It feels like it should be a secret.

He finishes making the sandwich. Settles on the couch and takes a bite.

"Maybe we can join Sapnap and cause a little chaos," he says instead. It just enough. It's exactly enough.

"Pop off?"

"Always pop off!" he laughs, his mouth full.

It's all okay. All exactly enough.

## almost there

### Chapter Summary

George thinks Dream has gone crazy. Then maybe, he did too.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George is at dinner with his parents, who are the only people he allows himself to meet up with during a pandemic and still somehow feels guilty because of that. His mother tries to persuade him to move back home, just for a few months, she begs, but he knows it wouldn't work, she would definitely hear him screaming with his friends at five in the morning and sleep till afternoon. She would be worried, she would ask 'why don't you just stream during the evening and sleep during the night', she wouldn't finish but he would know she means *like a normal person*.

And he doesn't know if admitting that it's because of Dream, that all is because of Dream, would make her doubt his sanity even more.

Anyway, he is in the middle of a nice home-cooked meal when he gets the message. It's actually just a screenshot but the fork still slips from his fingers and his mother looks at him with that worried look.

"Uhm... I just need a minute," he excuses himself and stands up and he is calling Dream before he is even out of the room.

"Good evening, George," he hears the smile in his voice and he rolls his eyes out of principle.

"Why would you send me a picture of three of your negative covid tests?"

"Well, you need three tests to be allowed on a plane," he says as if it's obvious.

"A plane?" he asks, his voice small. No. No, he is not doing this. He is not ready for him to do this.

"Yes, a plane. You should stock up because we will have to quarantine for two weeks, and if you could pick me up from the airport that would be great, but if not, I think I can just take an uber or something," Dream is talking way too fast and way too much and George is at loss for words.

"You... You're coming here?" he asks, just to be sure.

"I just kept thinking... After you said all that, I couldn't stop thinking. I want to see you and I want you to see me and it feels... I always wanted us to meet in person first so I can... Fuck I don't know. See your reaction, I guess? Now I just want to see you, George. And if all it costs is multiple tests and a plane ticket... It's really not that much," Dream does that thing that people always talk about in the long threads about how they're secretly dating. That thing... The way he says his name. George's chest actually hurts.

"Unless you don't want me to come," Dream says, quiet when all he is getting is a lot of silence.

"I can't drive,"

"Hm?" Dream is now confused and George just sighs.

"I can't drive so we would have to take the train from the airport. Or uber I guess," he looks at the wall in the hallway and stares at the cracks in the paint.

"So, you want me there?" Dream's voice sounds so small, and George knows it's his fault, that he is reacting weirdly, but also he feels like Dream is making him go a little crazy. A lot crazy actually.

"Yes," he still says, trying to sound unwavering, like he isn't doubting what two weeks locked up with Dream will do to him, like he doesn't want to cry at the thought of seeing Dream's face and actually touching him, actually having a physical form attached to the voice. "But I don't have a quest room. Fuck, does Sapnap know? Is he coming?"

Now it's Dream's turn to be quiet.

"Uhmmm," he coughs a little and George massages his forehead. He is actually getting a migraine. Dream is really going to kill him.

His mother peeps out from the dining room and he just smiles and shows her a thumbs up before she can even ask. She disappears behind the corner again and he mentally curses at himself and Dream.

"Please, tell me you at least told him," George whispers when he is still not getting an answer.

"He would want to come and you don't have a quest room," Dream says as if that makes sense, as if anything makes sense.

"If I don't have a quest room, where will you sleep?" he teases a bit, quiet, doesn't know how we would explain this to his parents.

"With you, of course," he says and snorts a bit as if it's obvious. "And if you throw me out of bed for my snoring then on the couch, I guess. Although it won't be as easy as throwing me out of voice chat!"

George laughs at that although his chest is constricting at the thought of Dream in his bed, watching the sunrise with him, actually next to him instead of being just a voice over the phone.

"Sapnap is gonna be so angry," he says and then just laughs because at least for once he is not going to be the one sulking in a completely different country while his best friends are hanging out.

"I think he will understand. At least I hope so. I will tell him just before flying out, he has to take care of Patches. And he won't have time to scream at me because I will be leaving. Perfect," now they're both laughing. George thinks maybe they already lost their minds.

"When are you coming?"

"The day after tomorrow,"

George looks to the ceiling. He has a whole day to mentally prepare. To somehow wrap his head around the thought of Dream actually being with him. The anxiety is already eating at him.

His mom peeks out again. She looks even more worried.

"I will call you after dinner, okay?" he says, and Dream just hums in response.

"Can't wait," Dream laughs and then the call is over, and his mother is still staring at him.

They sit at the table again and for a while no one says anything. Then, just because he sees she can't keep it inside any longer...

"Important call?"

"Uhm, kind of, I guess," he doesn't know what his parents will think, how much to reveal really.

"A girl?" his father questions and now he doesn't really know what to say and not to say.

"Just Dream. He... He has some stuff to do here and has to quarantine for two weeks and asked if he can do it at my place," that sounds plausible. A normal stuff good friends would do. He looks at his phone and almost laughs when he remembers the very friendly photos he still has there.

"Oh, so you will be coming here then?" his mother asks and he just frowns. That... That would make sense, he guesses, but it really doesn't.

"No, I will be quarantining with him,"

"I think it would be better if you just stayed here and left him the place. The apartment is really not big enough for two grown men,"

"We will make it work," he says, and just because he sees the weird glance his father sends him, "He would be alone in a foreign city and we will have to do some stuff for work anyway," he nods and just chugs some water. It feels weird talking to his parents about Dream, he feels like the name is weird to them, their relationship is weird to them and although it's weird for him too sometimes, he never doubts it like they surely would.

"Well, if you need anything, we're just a call away," his mother smiles. "Maybe after quarantine you could bring him over for dinner," she says suddenly and he just smiles, he doesn't really know what to say to that, if she means anything by that.

...

The moment he gets home he starts cleaning, half out of anxiety, half because he actually wants Dream to come to a nice place. Cat watches him slowly, unsure. Maybe it knows what's coming. He checks the fridge and sees that it's still quite full, they can probably just order more when

Dream gets here. He starts to change his sheets, then actually puts them back because it will probably be better to change it just before Dream comes.

They can sleep in a fresh new set that way.

They.

They can sleep...

Together.

They will sleep together.

Will Dream try to kiss him?

Will they...

Are they actually going to do stuff that Dream keeps promising to do?

He stares at the phone and remembers he promised to call. He looks at the time. It would be time to stream but there were no new messages asking him to join something. So he leaves the cleaning and sits at his computer and he decides he will stream on his own. He doesn't even text to the groupchat, he just does it.

And when Dream joins him 5 minutes in, without needing a message asking to, George feels the same feeling in his chest, like all these feelings are too much, like they threaten to spill. He doesn't know how he can possibly handle him in the same space when he can't even handle him now.

## Chapter End Notes

Just here to say I don't actually know anything about UK - US travel restrictions so all the facts are made up, you're welcome.

Anyways, I don't really know where I'm going with this story, it was really supposed to be a one-shot but I somehow keep writing new chapters. Yeah, it's quick and I'm pulling out all the tropes but who can stop me huh? Exactly.

Thank you for the kudos and comments, I'm sometimes hesitant to engage because of anxiety and shit but I still really appreciate them.

# **actually there**

## Chapter Summary

Dream arrives.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He sees that Dream texted him just before getting on the plane as soon as he wakes up. The thought settles into his sleepy brain.

*Dream is coming.*

*Dream is coming in a few hours.*

Suddenly all the sleepiness is gone and he is wide awake staring at his phone. Dream timed it almost too perfectly, letting George sleep through most of his flight. Did he know he would be a nervous mess? He probably wouldn't even fall asleep but Dream forced him to. He forced him to lay in the bed and close his eyes and just kept talking and talking in that soft voice until his heart was beating steadily and then he was deep asleep.

He reads the message.

-still alive. Sapnap didn't kill me. Boarding. Can't wait to see you

He turns his head so Cat can't see the smile that formed on his face and then feels actually stupid. What is he even doing. And then, because the messages just keep piling up, he checks the conversation with Sapnap.

-HOW DARE YOU

-HOW DARE HE

-THE AUDACITY

-you didn't even tell me???????

-he literally just said "hey I'm going to see George I don't have a ticket for you take care of patches bye"

-fucking dickhead

-I hope you will fuck some sense into him

He almost chokes when he reads the last line.

Does he know?

Did Dream tell him?

Or is this a normal joke?

What the fuck-

And then just so Sapnap doesn't feels as bad.

He literally called me like the day before to say he is coming. So he really didn't talk to me about it either-

-goddamn simp

-well I hope you enjoy your two week honeymoon

-if you kill him I won't blame you

Yeah yeah I will let you know that you are the sole dad of patches then-

-and I will keep my mouth shut

-I never snitch on daddy

God you're actually the worst-

He feeds Cat and changes the sheets finally and leaves the windows open for a bit, so there is fresh air inside. He then settles on walking from his bedroom to the kitchen and back. He sits on the couch for a moment and stares at the TV, but he still keeps checking his phone.

Almost here.

*Dream is coming.*

He is actually on his way here.

And no one knows,

Except Sapnap.

And his parents actually.

*Dream is coming and he will be here at least for two whole weeks.*

They will be alone for two weeks. All alone. Together.

He does a few more rounds around the apartment and then it's appropriate time to go to the airport, he decides. He takes the train just to save some money. And as he predicted there isn't a lot of people travelling this late. He listens to music and stares into the dark and tries not to think about where he is going and who he is going to meet and if Heatwaves comes on, he doesn't let it get to his head.

The airport is weirdly quiet, people just quickly shuffling by with their masks on. He tries to avoid everyone, stares at the big sign to try to figure out where to wait for Dream and then just settles to the corner and stares at his phone waiting for a message.

Dream. Dream is going to be here soon. Dream is actually going to stand in front of him and he will hear his voice, actually hear his voice in a shared space. He is going to touch Dream, probably, Dream is definitely going to touch him, that he knows.

Instead of a message comes a body that just slams right into his and George is scared for a minute that a fan or just a random person or whoever recognized him and decided to bodyslam him... just for the fun of it. But then he feels hands wrap around him and pull him in closer, he hears the soft "*George*" right there and live, and he really feels like this is not real, it can't be real, he must be just having a fever dream.

He still returns the hug, lets his own hands wrap around the other boy's neck and just sighs into his chest. He hasn't even seen him properly. Dream can't even kiss him on the forehead now.

They finally pull apart and George stares. He knows he is staring and he doesn't even mind. He stares at the few inches that Dream has on him. He stares at the messy hair, a bit too long and a bit darker than he expected but maybe it's just the airport lights. He stares at the eyes and he hates that he will never know their true colour, but the specs of blue are actually shining in them and he smiles. He is thankful for his mask then, at least Dream doesn't see his stupid, stupid smile.

"What's the verdict?" Dream says and it's actually so weird to hear him speak right there next to him. His chest is too tight and he can't breathe.

"A solid 2/10," he says just because he has to joke, He has to sway the conversation away from the tension that is pressing on his chest or he might actually blurt out something so loving, something that would be too much.

Dream laughs, pushes his shoulder and laughs some more. He hears a soft *idiot* mumbled somewhere in between. His chest actually hurts.

"So... uber?" Dream asks and George is already pulling his phone out. His hands are shaking. Dream definitely notices but doesn't say anything.

"It should be a few minutes. Want to wait outside?" he swallows and when Dream just nods, they leave the airport and wait by the parking lot. They're walking way too close, George thinks, but he doesn't step away.

"I'm sorry," Dream says into the night as they lean against the railing,

"For what exactly?" George scoffs. It's already too confusing.

"For kind of just doing it. Maybe I should have checked with you more," he looks over, his eyes kind of tired. He feels like he is staring at a stranger but the voice, the voice grounds him, makes something ease in his lungs.

"Just stop Dream," he rolls his eyes. "I haven't even fully seen your face maybe then you can apologise," he laughs, and Dream is still looking at him with something unrecognizable in his eyes. Is he already regretting coming here?

"Ugh I feel so tired. I should have planned it so we go straight to sleep. Didn't think this through..." Dream looks away, massages his eyes for a second and George can't stop staring because the hands, the hands he has seen, but God, he will never get tired of seeing them. He has to look away.

"We can go lie down still,"

"You've been awake only a few hours,"

"You don't know me Dream. You don't know my story. Maybe I haven't slept at all!"

"Wonder whose snoring was I listening to on call then," Dream laughs and the uber is finally there. They load his luggage into the back and sit on the back seats, separated from the driver but definitely too close to each other. They're quiet the whole ride but if Dream finds his hand and squeezes his fingers, he does not react. He doesn't dare to react.

...

They walk up the stairs into his apartment and he hardly closes the door and takes off his mask before he is back in Dream's arms and he feels it. Lips that he didn't even get to see yet press onto his forehead and he melts into the touch. He lets himself close his eyes for a second and just stands there unmoving, Dream's lips still on his forehead, his hand softly touching his cheek.

When he finally pulls back George stares at him, at the finally fully revealed face. Honestly if Dream asked him for a rating now, he wouldn't be able to joke. Dream smiles a kind of crooked smile, his gaze finally leaving George and rather turns to look around the place.

"Gimme a tour?" he asks, softly and George really can't say no.

#### Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry if you were expecting something more ... erhm erhm. They have to be awkward minecraft boys first.

Heatwaves definitely did come on shuffle as I was writing this.  
So did Oh Death by SUGR but I wouldn't ruin the mood like that. Unless? Haha.

Thank you so much for the comments and kudos, I usually don't take well to compliments but they just bring me so much joy. This is the first thing I wrote in like a year and it's actually really nice that people seem to be enjoying it, even if it's just a fanfic about minecraft youtubers heh.

## the calm

### Chapter Summary

George overthinks everything. Dream is a smug idiot.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

He shows Dream everything. He shows him the kitchen joined with the living room. Where he stores his mugs and where he can find cutlery, where is Cat's food, and he opens the fridge just so Dream can nod in approval to the stuff inside. He shows him the poor old couch and how to turn the TV on and Dream looks over his library for a moment. George feels like he is being analysed.

He shows him the bathroom and that fresh towels are always stored in the small cabinet by the bathtub and that if he wants warm water in the shower he actually has to turn it to the blue side because the water was done in a weird way. At last he leads him to the bedroom that Dream definitely saw before, but he still points to the bed (definitely mentions new sheets) and shows him the little closet space he cleaned out for him. Dream instead stares at his setup and the wall behind with the plagues and little trinkets on his desk, Dream's subscriber coins, the little elephant. George can't stop tapping his finger against his thigh.

The feeling of being studied comes back but Dream just smiles softly. George is obsessed with the way the corners of his mouth turn upwards in a bit of a crooked way. It all adds up to who Dream really is in person, when he is not just a maskless voice.

He lets Dream wander around and just orders some food because he really doesn't feel like cooking or making Dream cook.

-has there already been little kissy kissy? Dream is ignoring me

Reads a message from Sapnap and he just laughs. Dream's eyes snap towards him from where he is studying his library again, Cat warily circling his legs, but he doesn't say anything.

As he should-

Is all he writes back and sets the phone on the counter and for a change it is him analysing Dream. His face, the way he scrunches up his nose anytime anything catches his attention.

"I ordered pizza, it should be here soon," he speaks into the quiet of the deep London night, just because it's too quiet and his chest is full of things that want to be said. He silently wonders if now they're going to switch to the London time or keep to the American sleep schedule. If George went

to the US, this wouldn't be a problem. Now it is.

"Oh good... Plane food was actually disgusting," there it is again, the little scrunch in his nose and George can't help himself and just smiles. At least he has enough decency to try to hide it behind his hand. George's phone buzzes again and again and so he picks it up with a sigh.

"Quackity wants us to join the stream," he says. Us. Us. It brings the feeling in his chest back. They're one entity now. Something happening together.

"I'm kinda tired," Dream slumps into the couch, his head lied back so he is staring at the ceiling. Cat settles on his lap, having probably decided that he likes him as much as his owner. God, his eyelashes are actually quite long, George notes. Then doesn't know what to do with that information. "But you go join if you want to. I can wait for the food and just go to sleep."

George is on his feet and moving before he can really think about it. He sits next to Dream, who just turns his head slightly to look at him. George definitely doesn't stare at his craned neck and how hot it looks for some reason.

"Missing me still?" Dream says, quiet, and George just looks at him, keeps looking at him because what the fuck are they even doing. Dream's eyes slide lower just about to the exact placement of George's lips and he really thinks this is all a dream that his stupid brain produced somehow.

"Well," George begins. Licks his lips just because he can. Dream definitely notices. "You're here and Sapnap is the one in a completely different country. So maybe you're asking the wrong person."

Dream smiles softly and sets Cat to the side and then his hand is reaching and George is already moving on his own and he settles into Dream's chest, into his hoodie, lets him pull him even closer and listens to his heartbeat as they settle into the cuddle. Dream's chin settles in his hair and they stay like that for a while, until the chin is replaced with his lips as he leaves a soft kiss right there. And when he thinks his heart can't actually hurt any more, Dream bends down lower and leaves a kiss right by his ear. The next is just by his temple, gentle, soft, and he closes his eyes because he doesn't want to see the reality anymore, he just wants to *feel, feel feel*, get lost in the feeling.

If this is a dream he never wants to wake up, and his heart actually aches at the thought that as he opens his eyes it will all disappear and he will be in his bed hugging a pillow to his chest as many times before.

The sound of a phone vibrating pulls him back and he just sighs as he reaches into his hoodie, fishes out the phone and sees that the food has arrived. So he leaves Dream's arms without a word and just walks downstairs and spends a lot more time on the stairs than necessary, just staring into the cold concrete, trying to figure out what even is waiting for him inside, what he should prepare for.

They eat while watching Quackity's stream because although neither of them wanted to participate, it is still kind of nice to just listen to their friend, having fun, but not having to create any of the fun. They settle into the couch once again, their sides completely touching, but now Dream's hands are busy with eating the food and don't have time to sneak around George's body. He is missing it already.

Somewhere in his brain there is the thought of going to bed rattling around. How will they go about it? Will they just naturally stumble to bed when they can't keep their eyes open anymore? Will it be a sober decision of *it's late, we should sleep*?

George thinks back to *the call*. The images shared. How could they be so daring then and now he is overthinking how to go about going to bed?

Dream sets the empty pizza box on the table and uses a napkin to clean his fingers.

"I think I'm gonna have a shower and go to bed, is that okay?" he sighs as he settles back into the couch. His eyes not really meeting George's.

"Mi casa es su casa," he mumbles just because saying things in spanish has become somewhat of a joke for them. Dream laughs. And George can't help but feels satisfied by that. Dream is staring at him almost as if there is another question hanging in the air but neither of them asks it.

"I will clean up and yeah, we can go to sleep," George nods, thinks he got the question without it being asked but Dream just frowns slightly and nods. What else could he possibly wanted to ask?

"Yeah, okay," sounds the small mumble and then Dream is getting up and stretching his back as he makes his way to the bathroom.

"If you need anything, just shout," says George before he disappears and he catches the smirk that shows on Dream's face.

"Will do," Dream sounds smug and George keeps staring after him even as the door closes. Was that the question? They both having a shower? The implications were there, and George has to sit and breathe for a few seconds before even allowing himself to create an image of that, seeing Dream's naked body again.

The thought stays on his mind as he hears the shower running and he puts the pizza boxes and napkins into the bin. He turns the TV off, the apartment suddenly quiet when Quackity's screaming is no longer filling the room. He sets the glasses they used by the sink not really wanting to bother with washing them now and goes to the bedroom to at least change for bed because he doesn't know how he would go about changing in front of Dream.

The shower stops as George is already in bed, on his phone, just mindlessly scrolling through tweets trying not to think, not to think, not to think.

And Dream walks into the room with nothing but a towel around his hips and George can't stop staring, can't stop thinking. For a minute he moves his eyes up from Dream's glistening body to find a smirk on the boy's face. Dream knows exactly what he is doing.

"How warm is it usually during the night?" he asks casually but George hears his amused tone and hates it, but he still can't stop staring.

"Well we have been awake through most of the night," George clears his throat and looks to the light getting through from behind the curtains. "But like, I guess the temperature doesn't change much. Only if it's very sunny, then it gets kind of warm around lunch, but I usually just sleep through that, you know, our sleep schedule," he is rambling now, and Dream is still smiling. He hates him quite a bit. He watches as Dream pulls out some clothes from the suitcase and then, just for his own sanity and good night sleep, he turns his eyes to the window as he hears him changing.

"You don't have to look away," Dream's voice is suddenly closer and George looks back at him, now in his boxers and an old t-shirt. "Nothing you haven't seen before," Dream is still grinning as he slides under the covers next to George and they just stare each other in the eyes and George feels his face heating up.

He decides not to respond to that because he really doesn't know how, and he just slides to lie down too. And there they are. Just a few inches away suddenly, not oceans apart, and George's morning is still filled with Dream but in a completely different way.

Dream moves first because it feels like he always does, like George is overthinking this way too much but he can't shake the feeling that if he moves too much, if he dares too much, this will all dissipate in front of him.

Dream's hand slides over his hip and he is pulled into the other's chest. He smells his own soap from Dream's body and it's kind of messing with his brain. They shift their legs just right and fall into each other and George thinks to the feral feelings of the mornings that led to this calm morning, and surely this cannot be real. This feels a bit too lovely, a bit too calm for them. A bit too like George is never going to be able to sleep again after Dream leaves. Dream's nose is scraping his cheek but neither of them dares to interrupt the softness, the calmness, to go back to the pure mania of want they were consumed by just a week ago.

George doesn't know if this is too much or not enough, but he is still afraid to lose it.

## Chapter End Notes

All I'm gonna say is that I'm excited for the next chapter.

As always, thank you for reading. Enjoy.

## the morning before

### Chapter Summary

George thinks there is something about mornings. Or maybe... there is just something about waking up with Dream.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

First thing George sees as he wakes up is Dream's face, still sound asleep, and he stares because he finally is able to. He studies the rough jaw where the stubble is coming back, the crinkles around his eyes, his softly parted lips. He smiles a bit at the way Dream's hair stick out in different directions, but it all adds up to the image, to the creation that is Dream. He really is a dream.

The second thing he sees is his phone, and twitter, as he finds something to occupy himself with because he doesn't want to pull away from Dream's embrace or the warmth of the bed. More specifically he sees the hashtag #whereisdream trending and just clicks on it confused. It takes a while to even find why it's trending, people filling the hashtag with reactions, not really worried, mostly just poking fun. He finally finds some explanation from the account *mcyt trending hashtags explained* (he really needs to follow them but doesn't dare because of the reactions it would get).

#whereisdream

After Sapnap mentioned on stream that he is now the sole owner of Patches because Dream left them both, people wonder whether it was a joke or not.

George sighs in annoyance because he knows Sapnap definitely didn't mean for this to happen but at the same time he just couldn't help himself, could he. He had to start some chaos, just so this is not a simple quiet visit. George knew people would know, Dream is here at least for two weeks, there is no way around that. But now it feels like them keeping it a secret is weirder. He scrolls to the comments just for the sake of it and as soon as he reads : George reading this is like what do you mean he is right here in my arms...

Yeah, maybe they are not really that secretive. It still feels wrong people just *knowing. How could they know? He doesn't even know himself.*

Dream shuffles and presses his head into the crook of George's neck.

"Good morning," he says, his voice rough and low and George takes in a deep breath and Dream

laughs. A normal morning. A completely normal morning.

"You're trending," he says, trying to ignore that he actually feels on his skin how Dream's mouth stretches into a smile.

"Are they cancelling me or praising me?"

"They're looking for you," at that Dream picks up his head a bit, eyebrows furrowed. "Sapnap mentioned during a stream that he is a lonely mother and now *where is dream* is trending," he elaborates just a bit. Dream settles back. Leaves a daring kiss on his neck and George can't stop the blush spreading across his cheeks. Idiot.

"Right where I'm supposed to be," he mumbles against his skin and this is definitely too much, George's heart is definitely beating too much and Dream being all flirty definitely doesn't help his slight morning arousal.

They really should talk about things. They should. But instead Dream leaves another kiss on George's neck and a little whimper leaves his mouth and that is enough for Dream to fully indulge, suck on his skin, let his teeth scrape the soft skin right there. He hates him, he really hates him, to the point where he can't think about anything just the feeling of another kiss landing right over the sensitive spot.

"Fuck George, the sounds you make," Dream says and he just frowns because he isn't even aware he was making any. He just moves his head to the side, gives Dream more skin to ruin with his mouth. He won't be streaming with a facecam anytime soon, Dream really can do his worst. He doesn't know what to do with his hands, but Dream finds them, presses them into the pillows above his head and George thinks he might completely lose it.

"Dream," is all he can make out, his breaths cannot catch up quickly to the blood boiling inside him. They really should talk first, he shouldn't just give into it but now that he is in, he doesn't want to stop.

"Fuck, George," Dream repeats. His mouth is now on his jaw leaving kisses there. One of his hands leaves to find its way under his t-shirt. It's too much, too much.

*Not enough*, something in George's lower half screams.

"It feels impossible to finally touch you," Dream mumbles and for a moment they just stare at each

other, the wet spots on George's neck and jaw bringing goosebumps to the overwhelming mess he already feels. George wonders if now is a good time to have their first kiss. First kiss, God he really hates himself. He shouldn't be having first kisses with best friends. At least not until they talked about what kind of friends they are.

He still cups Dream's cheek with his free hand and watches as the boy melts into the touch. And then, just because Dream is already getting closer, he lets their lips connect. Dream sucks in a breath and he is glad he is not the only one to be completely overwhelmed by this. He really shouldn't be kissing his friend in the late London afternoon, in his bed, without ever confronting the thoughts of where they stand and what it means that he wants to keep doing this the whole two weeks he will be here.

Dream almost completely shifts his weight over him, both his hands now sneaking under George's shirt. George lets his hands tangle in the mess that is Dream's hair and kisses him deeper, pulls him closer.

Dream breaks away, a slightly breathless, but immediately moves back to his neck leaving more marks at the other side. George can't help the moan that escapes his lips. His fingers tug at Dream's hair and a moan escapes his mouth too.

This is definitely too much. The mornings definitely don't look like this in the Dream/Sapnap household. At least he hopes so.

And just because George doesn't want to think anymore, he tugs him back to his mouth by his hair, a bit rough, but Dream just excitedly comes back to making out with him. George lets their hips move against each other and can't help but has to catch his breath. Dream kisses the side of his mouth and positions them better, moves them against each other better and George's back arches as the feelings overtake him. Mission accomplished: he really can't think anymore.

"Dream," comes from his mouth and Dream just looks at him with a look and slightly raised brows. He knows what he means. "Clay," he whispers, and Dream smiles, kisses him some more. It really shouldn't feel this good. But if he had to choose a sin to commit to, *Clay* sounds like a really good one.

"Not yet, Georgie," Dream whispers as he kisses him again, long. "We have all the time," he says into his mouth and George is a mess. He is a complete mess.

Dream then pulls away and laughs as he leaves him on the bed with a hard on and thousands of incoherent thoughts swirling around. He hears the shower running again and doesn't question why is Dream showering again, just lets his hands find their way into his own trousers, wondering with slight annoyance why Dream would just not finish the job.

## Chapter End Notes

I'll be honest, I'm kind of freaking out because like this story suddenly got like a lot of comments and hits and all so I spent like an hour going through the chapters and fixing all mistakes because I'm an anxious mess. But thank you, really. Just don't judge me for the english okay, it's not my first language lol.

I hope you enjoy this chapter. I'm gonna go catch up on all those streams I missed yesterday because by what I have seen that's a fanfiction on its own.

## **overkissed**

### Chapter Summary

The boys™ get an unexpected visit.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George thought about what will come when they run out of things to do, if there ever will be such time, when they feel lost and cranky and bored.

Turns out the answer is to make out. To make out a lot.

George really wonders what exactly are they doing.

Well he knows what they're doing. They're kissing as soon as they wake up and then they have breakfast together, exactly as he always wanted. Dream helps him record a video, George silently watches as Dream shows him the SMP plotlines for the next streams, lets him explain all the connections although he probably won't be participating. He kisses Dream as they're making pasta for lunch, and well, it takes quite long for pasta to cook, so he is pushed against the kitchen island and then sat on it and Dream is right there in front of him kissing him deeply. The never-ending social distancing really left him craving for a touch, for a kiss, although he thinks that even if there was no pandemic he would still be completely obsessed with Dream's lips on his.

The problem is they never do anything more than that. It's not really a problem per se, George's heart beats with nervousness at the thought of doing something *more*, but it just seems that all Dream's talk is exactly that. Just words. But he never heard about Dream being with a man, so maybe he is just as nervous as he is. Maybe it's that they're both just exploring what this means.

George wonders if it was Dream that started this sexuality crisis or it was always there, hidden deep inside under the pretence of *well I like girls so I can't be gay*.

He wonders if maybe he just likes them both, easy answer, but hard to figure out to be truth. He doesn't get time to wonder anymore because Dream is back, locking his lips to his. They're on the couch currently, pasta bowls empty and forgotten on the table, somewhere in between a movie that they both wanted to watch but somehow the attention keeps slipping, almost like Dream's hand slips under his shirt. George noticed that he stops at the same place every time, just at the soft spot under his ribs, lets his finger sink into his skin and George always can't help but lets out a small puff of air. That makes Dream smile and kiss him even more and they go in circles of this mess they're making. And if George dares to think about what will he do when their time is up, Dream is always there to kiss the thoughts away.

It's in the midst of this make out session, Dream's hand still under his shirt and George clinging to his lips a little too much, when the doorbell rings. Nothing registers with George at first, but then it rings again, and Dream pulls away from his lips and frowns.

"Expecting someone?"

"No," he grumbles, but gets up. He leaves Dream's touch and feels cranky about it, it can definitely be heard as he answers the doorbell.

"Yes?"

"George?" sounds his mother's voice through the intercom, staticky, unsure. In that moment everything in George turns to panic. He wipes his lips as if that could erase who he has been kissing. He sees Dream wince, but it doesn't matter, nothing matters because his mother is at the door and she... And she...

She can't come in.

"You can't come in," he says. He definitely sounds suspicious, but she just laughs.

"I know George, but I brought you some dinner, don't want you guys living out of takeout," she sounds so cheerful and George actually feels so guilty. "Just let me bring it up, I have all the gear, two masks, I swear I'll be okay."

George looks to Dream who is looking at him with a kind of interest in his eyes. He doesn't know if he really wants them to meet yet. Or at all.

"Uhm okay. We will get our masks. But you can't stay, okay?" he says and then just buzzes her in because he really doesn't know what else to do. He grabs one of his masks from the counter and is thankful he has a way to hide his overkissed lips. Dream does the same without a word and then they're standing by the door and George is actually shaking.

"I can go to the bedroom... if u want," Dream offers. Quiet.

"She definitely came just to see you so..." he mumbles. Dream then takes his hand, squeezes it, and George actually feels so thankful he could cry. "I'm sorry," he whispers just because he already hears steps echoing outside. "I just really didn't expect her and-" he doesn't get to finish, there is a knock on the door and he is quite glad because he doesn't know what he was going to say. *I'm sorry, my mother doesn't know I've been kissing boys. Or at least this one boy.*

He lets Dream's hand go, opens the door, clears his throat. His mother looks actually funny with her two masks and a face shield and gloves on her hands, holding enough boxes of tupperware to feed the whole building, not just them two. He would laugh but she is looking straight to Dream.

"Oh, hello you two!" George can imagine the massive smile even under those two masks. Her eyes are actually sparkling. He just can't breathe.

"Good evening," Dream is hovering over George, the eyes giving out that he is smiling too. "You really shouldn't have worried," he says to the tupperware in her hands

"Oh Clay I just know George, he has definitely been feeding you only pizza that damn boy," she pushes in and around them. She is surprisingly quick in getting her shoes off and then she is already setting things down in the kitchen. George actually has to roll his eyes. She's impossible. So he just closes the door, feels Dream leave a small touch on his lower back but then he is already in the kitchen too, actually talking to his mother. She says Clay so effortlessly as if she never had any other name for him. George can't even remember when he told her that name.

As he steps into the kitchen, he steps into the conversation.

"So how was your flight, Clay?"

"Loong," says Dream and they laugh as if they have inside jokes already.

"Yeah, I can imagine. It has to be something important, for you to come all the way here, I imagine," she is looking straight to his eyes. For a serious moment George fears she already knows too much. It doesn't help that Dream looks at him, eyebrows raised and then just nods.

"Yeah, very important."

George is going to die. He is going to die because he is actually going to go jump off a bridge right here, right now. This has to be a dream, a nightmare, a hallucination even. His sleep demon is just his mother in all protective gear talking to *Clay*.

"Oh, I see you've cooked!" she is staring at the pasta in the pot now while she dramatically holds her heart. "Gosh, you're already a good influence on him Clay, stay all that you want!" okay, she's definitely up to something.

Dream just laughs. He looks weirdly comfortable. George is actually envious. It's all wrong. Why

is he the one so casual while George feels like letting the floor swallow him just so he doesn't have to hear his mother say Clay anymore in *that* tone?

"Oh, we will see. Maybe George can come visit America for a change," Dream shrugs his shoulder, then in his typical Dream manner he sways the conversation away from them two. "It looks incredible, what is it?" he points to the boxes and his mother is more than happy to talk about her cooking. Cat comes from the bedroom, assesses the situation, and comes to George's legs and now they're both staring at the goddamn thing unravelling in front of them.

His mother doesn't stay long, fortunately. She still keeps asking Dream all these never-ending questions: *how is America, what do your parents do, oh you have a sister?* George just keeps putting away the food as quickly as possible and then has to remind her that she can't visit them because then she would have to quarantine too. She jokes about quarantining with them and George really feels like this is some big joke that the universe is playing on him. But she finally puts her shoes back on and stands at the door. Dream is holding Cat just so it doesn't slip outside, and George can't even focus on how cute they look because his mother is looking at him now.

"I like him very much," she whispers, excitement seeping from her voice, and now George is blushing, he can't help it, the implication is there. "Bring him to dinner after your quarantine is over. I'm gonna make my glorious meatballs, he's gonna love them, Americans always do!"

He has no words. He has actually been left speechless. What the fuck even is happening.

His mom is out the door now, the sparkle still in her eye.

"Bye Clay, it was so nice to meet you. I hope you come to dinner after these two weeks. Take care of him, okay?" she laughs, and Dream laughs with her, and everyone is laughing, everyone but George who keeps staring at his mother wondering *does she know?*

"Of course, I would love to. And will do, madam!" Dream is waving now. His mother is waving too, it is like they have been best friends for years and George decides he actually hates them both.

"Okay mom just go!" he closes the door after them both and points to the stairs. "Please, for the love of God, just go!" he sighs, and she rolls her eyes.

"So goddamn dramatic," she mumbles. "Don't forget to call! Love you!" she sends him a kiss through the air as she is already descending the stairs.

"Love you too. Drive safe," he says and then she is gone, she is finally gone. He comes back inside and tears off his mask, lets his face fall into his hands.

"This was the worst experience of my life," he mumbles to no one in particular. Dream still laughs.

"I think she likes me," he says, all smug and then makes kisses at Cat who immediately wriggles out of them. Dream just sighs. Looks to him, and then comes and gives a kiss to him instead. George doesn't run away.

#### Chapter End Notes

I love that I have prewritten chapters but I still keep writing new ones during work hah. It seems totally responsible, all my bosses love me. Okay, I'm sorry, I have so much stuff to do, if there are any mistakes forgive me, but I just couldn't get this out of my head, it's so funny to me. Brain go brr so me write. Also I'm projecting my bi struggles on George, ignore that too.

Thank you for all the love. As always , I hope you enjoy. :)

## this

### Chapter Summary

George wants to talk.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George knew it was inevitable, so they get ready to stream, but as Dream settles next to him on his stupid kitchen chair, he feels like a teenager again, having his friends over and playing games, sharing a keyboard. Except now his *friend* has a casual hand on his thigh as he starts the stream.

"I feel like I should explain the lack of facecam today," he says and watches chat respond for a while.

"It's because of me," Dream jumps in before he can even pull his thoughts together. Chat is now moving way too fast to read and he looks at Dream with his stupid smile.

"Yeah guys, Dream came over to visit. Made me quarantine with him for two weeks, don't worry. We're being careful,"

"Oh George, they don't need to know That!" Dream wheezes and George just rolls his eyes, smile still finding its way onto his face as he calls Dream an idiot, affectionately of course.

"Anyways, we're trying speedrunning while using one keyboard. Let's see how long until one of us strangles the other," he laughs and Dream snickers.

"Kinky," he mumbles but chat still hears, if the million messages are anything to go by. He hates him. He really hates him. Not just because him touching his thigh is actually so distracting, definitely not.

Sapnap joins them in the middle of the third try, just a voice. He uses his presence to whine about being left alone. They leave speedrunning behind and they move into Bad's stream instead, having fun at Skribbl.io. Dream's hand still rests comfortably on George's thigh and he watches it for a second, the sole possessiveness it symbolizes.

They really should talk.

Instead Dream mutes them and leans to give a quick kiss to George's lips before he gets up.

"Have to pee," he mumbles and George just nods. Unmutes. Wonders if they somehow slipped into a relationship without ever discussing it because it feels like that, it feels like they're already more, the casual touches, the casual kisses.

"So Dream how is London? When are you coming back?" Bad asks.

"He went to the bathroom," George says instead. "And we're in quarantine, the most that he saw of London was the airport," he laughs a bit.

"So, you're just playing Minecraft all day and doing nothing?" Karl asks. It feels like he wants to ask more. "I wouldn't sit on a plane for 10 hours in the middle of the pandemic just for that," he says, and George closes his eyes. People keep saying that. It's logical, it's logical and it's true that nothing about this right now makes sense but George doesn't want to answer any of that. Dream comes back and he looks at him.

"Karl is saying I'm not worth sitting on a plane for 10 hours," he says just because he wants to see his reaction. Dream's hand is back on his thigh quite quickly.

"Well of course, if this was Sapnap he would be saying something different," Dream laughs as he settles back.

"That's absolutely not true! "

"Yeah, Karl won't even go the few hours for me, he definitely wouldn't get on a transatlantic flight," snorts Sapnap.

"I'm just a responsible citizen Sapnap. We're in a pandemonium, we can't just go where we please!"

"Tell that to Dream!" he laughs, and they all laugh, and Dream squeezes his thigh.

"Tell that to George's mother, we all know I'm here for her," Dream says and God, if he mentions... "Actually, I have met her. That is my favourite part of London!" George actually smacks him and he just keeps laughing. Idiot. Absolute idiot.

They are all laughing and he knows they will never let this go, Dream actually meeting his mother. God, he doesn't want to think about the jokes to come.

While Dream is entranced in the game, guessing word after word, he looks at twitter just because he knows there will be something.

*George's mother* is trending, surprisingly. *Dream in London* is trending too of course, and he looks through the tweets, just laughing when he sees the theories.

"What's funny?" Dream asks and George just turns the phone to him.

"Apparently the jackbox stream pushed you over and you had to come make it true as soon as possible," he laughs but when the laughter echoes through the call he stills. They heard. Was it too much?

"Honestly sounds plausible," Sapnap says and they're all laughing again. Dream is looking at him slightly worried, but he just smiles and slumps back into the chair.

"I did not get any breakfast in bed, so I would classify this theory as fake," George doesn't know where it came from. Dream's gaze pierces into him as he lets his thumb slide across his bottom lip. They stare, stare, stare.

He hears the boys talking and laughing but he just stares.

"I'm gonna get some water, want some?" he asks instead because it's too much and Dream just nods as he is already leaving the room.

Too much, definitely too much.

He comes back with two glasses of water and a blush still on his face.

...

George does not check twitter or tiktok or anything because he knows what is probably happening there and what lies in his mentions. He doesn't want to face that just yet, so he turns the shower on and steps into the stream and doesn't dare to think about Dream's implied offer before. His shower is not big enough, yeah that is right. They couldn't fit into it both. They would have to be very, very close.

Ugh.

George should really learn how to stop thinking.

After he is showered and his face is clean shaven, he just pulls his sleep shirt over his head and gets his pyjama bottoms on and now it's him standing in the doorframe as Dream looks up at him expectantly. He sees the disappointed pouch and just rolls his eyes. But still as he slips into the bed, Dream's hands are already on him, pulling him closer, as he buries his nose into the crook of George's neck, smelling him very obviously.

"Hmmm you shaved," He points out and then just kisses his jaw as they settle into bed, surprisingly sooner than the sun is even out. It feels like a different life, one where this is a normal occurrence, where they already talked about everything and are not just avoiding it with all the touching and kisses and... Dream's hands finding their way to his ass. George definitely read a fanfiction about this once.

Dream nibbles on his ear and laughs a bit.

"Twitter is a mess."

"You like to mess with them a bit too much."

"It's your fault really. Mister 'I haven't had my breakfast in bed yet'."

"Well it just doesn't make sense for you to come just because we talked about blowjobs and breakfast in bed."

"Oh, it doesn't?" Dreams eyebrows are raised as he looks at him. George wants to reach out, wants to touch his face but he holds himself back. This could be the way to a serious conversation and he doesn't want to stray away from it.

"Well is it? Why you came?" his voice is quiet and he feels like his body is shaking. They still have 10 days to go. If they mess it up now, they will have to sit in silence all those days and live in the awkwardness forever after.

"I came because you missed me," Dream says and it sounds too genuine.

"But.." he doesn't know what he wants to say, what he should say. *I've been missing you for years?* Nah, that wouldn't change anything, would lead the conversation nowhere. Dream continues before he can pull his thoughts together.

"And I missed you too. And I wanted to see you. And I wanted to be able to do this," he smirks as he leans and leaves a short kiss on his lips. This really should not be allowed.

"Dream," he says again, slightly annoyed. He doesn't want to be the one to start this but maybe he has to. Dream just looks at him, slight worry settles in between his brows.

"Everything okay?" he asks like in that call that feels so long ago but now he leaves a kiss on George's chin as to prove that he is here now, right here. Close to him.

"I think we should talk," he sighs, angry at himself for bringing it up. Dream doesn't seem that bothered, he just leaves another kiss alongside his jaw.

"About what?"

"About what this means," his voice is too quiet and Dream looks up again. Stares.

"What exactly?"

"Well I bet this is not how you spend your days with Sapnap too," he says and Dream laughs.

"Well yeah, you're not Sapnap," he shrugs. Another kiss, right under his chin. He is really not making this any easier huh. Stupid dumbass.

"Then what am I?"

"You're just George. My George," He snickers and his lips are now moving over the marks from yesterday. George sucks in a breath and loses his thoughts for a while, his hands move when he is not willingly holding them back. They follow Dream's backbone, wrap themselves around the others body. Even his own limbs are cowards and don't want to lose this.

"But what does that mean Dream," he has to really try to not sound as breathy. It just makes Dream smirk. "What does that mean," he sighs. He is being annoying. Dream sighs too and looks at him.

He is really being annoying, he knows.

"It can mean whatever you want it to," he says, softly. He sounds kind of out of breath too. They are circling around saying it, George knows. But he already dared too much and he doesn't want to say it.

"What do you want it to mean?" he whispers. It's scary to try to have this conversation when he considers what is all at stake. But it should have been scary when he sent the first Snapchat. It should have been scary when he read Heatwaves and yearned for someone to feel that way about him. It should have been scary since the first time Dream called him beautiful honestly. It should have been scary a long time ago because now Dream is in his bed and is kissing him and neither or them wants to give it up but neither of them wants to say *this is not what friends do*.

"I just want you, George," there is it, the overly affectionate voice. George closes his eyes. He can't stand to look. "I just want you and... this. Everyday. I want you to move to Florida and share a room with you. Cat and Patches together. Or if you really want, I will pack everything and come here for real this time. I just... want this," he doesn't kiss him after saying it and George opens his eyes and stares and stares because he knows every single word was genuine but he thinks about his parents and what would they think and he thinks about their fans and what would they think because although a lot of people are already ready for them to be together, he knows there is a part of the internet ready to spit homophobic slurs at him. It should not matter but it still matters and he looks at Dream and his goddamn eyes and the specs of blue and thinks of a day two weeks forward where he will have to wake up to an empty bed again and God... He really wants to cry. Instead of saying something he gives up and buries his head into Dream's chest, buries all of himself into the other boy's body and if a tear slips out, Dream's chest catches it easily.

He doesn't have words to say although he should have, so he just squeezes Dream harder and prays that he understands. That although George was never good at this, at saying or understanding what he feels, he feels *that*. He also wants this. He is scared and confused by lot of stuff, but he wants this.

#### Chapter End Notes

Cheers to Friday, I'm actually so tired. I can't believe I posted a chapter every day, that is so not like me. But I've been enjoying this story really. I'm sorry I haven't responded to any comments yesterday, I had to do some translations, then I got lost in manically writing another story idea I had and yeah. But I read them all and god... guys, dudes, pals... I appreciate you so much and all your kind words. Thank you.

## the morning

### Chapter Summary

Mornings are their thing.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

George wakes up to sounds coming from the kitchen. His first thought is to reach out across the bed and then he wonders for a minute how he got used to it so quickly, how after only a couple days he already expects to wake up to Dream right there next to him.

But he isn't there if the banging and, for some reason, loud meowing that are coming from the other room are anything to go by. George still stays in bed. He doesn't want to move, his eyes are sensitive, he had to fall asleep crying. Opposite to his first thought, the second is about wanting to have a moment for himself.

That moment isn't granted to him as he sees a figure appear in the doorway, Dream, plates with food in his hands. Cat is still meowing loudly, eyes staring at the plates like he might jump any second just to get a taste of what is on the plate. A smell travels all the way to his bed... Bacon?

"Are you actually bringing me breakfast to bed?" he laughs a bit, snuggles deeper into the covers.

"It could also be lunch," Dream says. Something about his voice is off and George frowns. Did he mess it up by forcing them to talk? It's definitely his fault, god.

"Cat is gonna be all over the food, you have to close the door and leave him out."

"I kind of have my hands full," there is definitely something wrong. The tone is all wrong, all quiet and unsure and if anything, Dream is definitely not any of that. At least not usually.

"Are you angry at me?" George asks, quiet too. His throat is closing in. He really hates to be the one to do all the confrontations.

"No, God... George," Dream sighs. Places the plates on his desk, and just just catches Cat before it can stuff its face into the food. Which, to be fair, looks absolutely incredible. He closes the door, ignores the loud meowing.

"Did you leave any on the counter? Because if so..."

"I cleaned it all up," Dream is angry. He sees it in the way his brows furrow together and it's a completely new expression he didn't have time to learn yet, he hasn't seen Dream angry yet, not really. George swallows all the worries and sits up. He has to face this. Whatever it is, he is to blame. And they have nowhere to run. Dream takes one of the plates and then it's right in front of his face - eggs, bacon, some vegetables all cut up nicely. A nice change from all the cereal and sandwiches he makes himself.

"Looks incredible," George sighs. That brings a smile to Dream's face, a big change from the cloudy expression before.

"Well, I tried," Dream just shrugs his shoulder and grabs the second plate and goes to sit down on his side of the bed. He starts eating first and George wonders if they are going to eat first and then talk or if they're going to pretend none of the stormy feelings are happening. George thinks about his parents, how mornings sometimes looked there, arguing but then settling down, his mother staying quiet, only going on a rampage when they were already in the car on their way to school and where his father couldn't hear any of that. He doesn't want that for them. He always said that most problems in relationships can easily be solved with communication, but now he is sitting here and for the hell of it he can't communicate anything. And there is no getting away and an innocent child that would listen to all his problems.

"Somethings is off," is all he says.

"You haven't even tried it yet,"

"Not with the food Clay," this is the first time he said the name without sexual context. It feels even weirder. And it doesn't help that Dream is now staring at him all wide eyes and stern lips.

"I'm not angry at you George, I have no reason to be," he says. It lacks any sort of feeling behind it and something is so wrong, George just knows.

"Then tell me what's wrong," George puts the plate on the nightstand. He really doesn't feel like eating now. Dream's eyes follow the motion and he seems disappointed. "I will eat it, just..." he doesn't finish and Dream nods. Settles his own food aside, cleans his throat. For how big he makes himself most of the time he looks small now, vulnerable. George wants to reach out but doesn't know if it would help.

"Nothing is wrong really," he mumbles. George just waits for him to continue. "It's just... I worry if... If what I said was too much, I guess. If... Like I know we haven't talked about it and I basically professed that I want to spend the rest of my life with you. It... It can be... Too much," it's weird to see Dream struggling with words considering how slick he usually is. George's heart tugs at the thought that this is his fault, he makes him doubt.

"I haven't really thought about it like that," he says. "It's not too much tho," he whispers, and Dream just lets out a breath, laughs a bit.

"I think you're right, we need to talk," he doesn't seem happy about it, but George will take it. "Obviously, we have something going on,"

"Hm, don't know what you're talking about," he mumbles, and Dream laughs for real, pushes his shoulder. *It doesn't have to be hard*, George thinks. Maybe they just have to say the truth. Or at least joke about the truth.

"I'm not saying it was Heatwaves," Dream says. "But maybe it made me go a little crazy. The thought that what I feel could be reciprocated. Even though I don't know what I really feel. It's all so confusing George."

George understands that a little too well.

"It's confusing for me too," he says just so Dream knows, just so he knows he isn't in this alone.

"I like kissing you way too much," Dream sighs and throws his head back, stares at the ceiling for a moment. George wants to actually laugh.

"So you only like me for my lips then?" it gets a snort out of Dream, a small headshake.

"I like everything about you, George," he confesses. It's simple, it's genuine, it's short. George's heart can't hold it all.

"I like everything about you too," he responds, all the feelings seeping into his voice and he would cringe about how pathetic he sounds but Dream is looking at him like this is all he ever wanted to

hear. "Except your snoring of course!"

"I guess there is some surgery for that," Dream laughs and his hands are reaching out and George doesn't hold himself back anymore. He feels like his lips are actually going to be bruised from how hard he crashes into Dream. And Dream is laughing, he is actually laughing, and George's heart finally feels lighter, he really hates all the angst, the fucking angst. Dream's mouth slips lower, George has taken a note that he likes kissing his neck almost as much as his mouth. His tongue is going over the fading marks when something clicks in George's brain. God. *God.*

"All okay?" Dream whispers against his skin, he probably felt him go still. *Fuck. Fucking hell.*

"She saw!" Dream lifts up his head at that, God he looks so confused. "My mother!" he almost pushes Dream off of him but just lets his head fall into the pillows. God fucking dammit. "The neck, God... The marks, she had to see... Oh my god!"

Dream just laughs a bit as if it's no big deal. Leans down to him and kisses his neck again.

"Well, she kept calling me *Clay*, I thought you maybe told her something," he sounds way too calm. George definitely doesn't feel calm.

"I-..." the angst is back; the angst is back and he hates it even more.

"Is that bad?" Dream is not kissing him anymore, the worry settled on his face too. But his hand still reaches out, his thumb grazes along his cheekbone.

"I don't know," even though he should be probably panicking right now, that would be the natural reaction to your mother finding you in your flat with hickeys on your neck after quarantining with only your best friend. Hickeys you definitely did not have during the family dinner. "She said she liked you. And that you should come over for dinner after quarantine," he lets out a breath and Dream is actually beaming.

"Oh yeah I remember something about that!"

"This is so embarrassing," George hides his face into Dream because that is better really. She would have definitely acted differently if... Right? It makes sense? Did she know? Before? During the dinner? Or even before that? Is he really that obvious?

He feels Dream flick his forehead.

"Don't overthink it."

"You would too, if this was about your parents!"

"My mom knows already," he says, almost nonchalantly.

"What?"

"Well I had to tell her I was coming here," he shrugs his shoulder. Reaches for the breakfast and takes a bite, his eyes mischievous. He is prolonging it way more than he needs to.

"God stop being so dramatic, what did you tell her?"

"I didn't tell her anything! I said I'm coming here and she said I'm so dumb when I'm in love and to be careful, and I told her that we don't have to be careful we're men and.."

"In love?" it's just a whisper but George can't breathe. Can't get it out of his head. *She said I'm dumb when I'm in love.*

"Yeah," Dream says, takes another bite. Then as if it finally clicked, he stops. Looks at him. "Yeah," he says, softer this time and this is the first time he ever saw Dream blush and he already loves it too much.

"She is wrong," George says because he really can't help himself. "You're dumb all the time."

"Okay, c'mon now!" Dream sets the plate back and then he is all over George again, kissing his lips and he pulls away smirking. "You haven't had the breakfast yet, right?" his thumb grazes the band of his pyjama bottoms and now George is the one to blush.

"Well, the breakfast is getting cold," he doesn't really know what he wants to imply. Or he knows a little too well.

"So... I should be quick?" Dream raises his brows as he shims lower and lower, leaves a kiss on his

stomach.

"If you want to," George mumbles just because his head is already too fuzzy. Dream is kissing his way lower and lower and lower and George's heart really can't take it. He really *really* can't think anymore. He reaches out, wants to tangle his fingers into Dream's hair, finds his face instead. Dream leaves a kiss on his palm and then navigates it to his hair himself as if he already knew. Maybe he just wants them there and George lets himself lose in that thought, lets it devour him.

Mornings are really their thing, he thinks.

And when he later sends Sapnap a picture of him in bed with breakfast on a plate, he writes back just *Finally, God*; George thinks Dream really knew what he was doing when he didn't take Sapnap with him.

## Chapter End Notes

Guys, gals and nonbinary pals...yeah we see it coming, right? The end? It's close?

Okay for real, I feel like this could be the last chapter but I also feel like I want one more just to fulfill the Heatwaves inspiration. I guess I could write like 10 another chapters about them just being dorks in love but let's give them some privacy, okay?

I could get emotional right now but I will wait for the next chapter. Also I was waiting if anybody was gonna call me out that George had to have some lovebites when his mother saw him but no one did so haha. It's even funnier to me now. All according to my evil plan, yeah I definitely planned that, I know what continuity is obviously.

Honestly just ignore me I had too much sugar.

Thank you much for your incredible comments and all the kudos, it still blows my mind that over 5000 people read whatever this is and then liked it enough to leave kudos, subscribe and even leave comments consistently. #feelingloved #blessed <3

## after

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Things George learned during the 2-week *Dreamy* quarantine:

- Dream's snoring is even louder in real life. He never really kicked him to the couch though, he just learned he has to fall asleep first or suffer. The cuddling makes up for it a bit.
- It seems to be the truth that Dream is a good cook. George expected this to be completely fabricated but turns out he is the one in the wrong. He definitely hates the thought of going back to his simple meals after Dream leaves.
- Dream loves leaving love bites on him a little too much. [note: check if Armie Hammer loves hickeys too, it could be important]
- Dream is not all talk and definitely good at all things... *sensual*. George can't stop thinking about their intertwined hands sinking into the mattress, his breathy whispers, the name Clay uttered a lot more than necessary just because Dream is still weirdly turned on by that. Maybe it will be their thing.
- It's not easy to stop calling Dream, Dream. But every time he says *Clay* it ends up in something unholy so maybe he's not the one to blame.
- Sapnap can't keep his mouth shut like ever and just had to ask in their next stream if George got his breakfast. The chat definitely didn't notice Dream's sultry laugh. At least they couldn't see the blush on his face. Or the marks on his neck. Or on his back. Or how Dream had his hand on his thigh again.
- Dream will definitely pretend to like some things just for his sake. It's endearing to watch him try to lie and explain why the thing he made a disgusted face at is actually not so bad.
- George's shower will fit both of them if they stand very, very close. Dream also needs to kiss him so hard his back is pushed against the glass and has to leave a trail of kisses all the way to his neck. He definitely has to turn him around and push against the glass and kiss that one special place between his neck and shoulder and leave another love bite there. He doesn't even need to call him Clay for them to end up in something deeply unholy. It's actually practical for cleaning themselves up though.
- Dream smells a lot like lavender. George never liked that smell very much but now it has infiltrated every little atom of his being and he can't stop smiling every time he catches a whiff of it somewhere around the house. He ordered some lavender scented candles just for when Dream leaves. Dream didn't ask.
- Dream definitely has a thing for him in certain clothing. Specifically, one of his hoodies that he sheepishly offered him even though George never said he was cold. He still put it on and looked at the way it hanged off of his body, the sleeves way past his hands. He felt silly, but then Dream gave him *that* look. *That look reserved for hearing George call him Clay while sprawled underneath him, their bodies flushed and sweaty...* Dream just has things that are *personal*.
- He needs to remember that people can see the love bites on his neck when he turns the camera on during a video call. At least they waited until Sapnap started to make fun of him before joining in the jokes. (George had to threaten Quackity that if he lets anything slip out he will post his full stack of saved cursed quackity pictures) (they were all really nice and supportive, except for Sapnap who just laughed and said "Idk George, that's kinda sus" and Quackity who added "kinda gay") (they are all so dumb, he loves them)
- Dream refers to him one morning as his boyfriend and everything in George blooms at that word. He actually feels like there is too much happiness and his body can't hold it all and little laughs keep slipping from him. Dream seems absolutely entranced by that. "So,

boyfriend, huh?" he whispers as he leans in closer and Dream looks almost flustered. "Is that okay?" it's more than okay and George still can't stop smiling.

- George really shouldn't spend so much time on tiktok and definitely shouldn't just do everything tiktok tells him to do, but as he pulls Dream closer by his belt to leave a kiss on his lips Dream looks absolutely bewildered and it's George's favourite expression, so yeah, maybe tiktok has at least one good suggestion.
- Cat takes it very personally that he has now Dream to cuddle to.
- He should definitely delete Dream's Ao3 account because although the Heatwaves ideas worked out for them, he isn't sure what to think when Dream comes to him with "So, what do you think about maid dresses?"
- Dream has actually perfected the art of making pancakes and there is something extremely attractive about seeing him flip the pancakes with ease, his sleeves rolled up, proud smile on lips because he knows his showing off is working. Dumbass.
- He should probably take all social media away from Dream because he enjoys causing chaos a little too much and uses the nice Sunday morning to purposefully loop Heatwaves on Spotify. He also takes a photo of George with the pancakes he made for him and posts it with the caption *run out of eggs*. They can't see any marks on his neck, but they definitely can see the softness in his smile and love in his eyes.
- They fuck up their sleep schedule a lot. Good luck to Dream hah.
- His mother was very serious about that dinner and meatballs.

...

George was definitely nervous for the evening in his childhood home. Nervous but a bit excited, just because Dream would be there, by his side, and he already called his mom to... erm... talk about some stuff. Mainly if it would be okay to bring his boyfriend to the dinner. Dream was smiling at him stupidly from the other side of the kitchen island while listening to that.

He pulled out his red hoodie for the occasion and Dream seemed to have a thing for him in red too. He had to physically push him away from his neck. The marks only got light enough for him to be comfortable to let his parents see him. It took a lot of restraint.

Dream pulled out a really nice sweater and actually styled his hair and George haven't had a chance to really see him all dressed up and it was turning his brain into a mush. They almost missed the train they wanted to catch.

Dream was looking out the window with interest at the London he had yet to explore. They stayed holed away in his flat longer than 14 days just because they almost forgot how long has it been actually. Their first trip outside was to Tesco to get some more apple juice.

It felt very weird to stand in front of his house holding Dream's hand. Not weird in a bad way. But still weird. He thought about ringing the bell first but then just decided to walk straight in as any other day.

"George! Clay!" his mother appeared as they were washing their hands. She was the first to smother them right there in the middle of the bathroom and George felt like crying when she squeezed him hard and then just whispered how happy she is they're there.

His father shook Dream's hand and he looked actually teary eyed as his eyes met George's. His eyes were giving out nothing but pride and George's blood pressure settled down a bit then. The

poor reaction he has feared never came, they were smiling way too much, and Dream squeezed his hand and George was thankful he doesn't have to go through the awkward conversation about *how he actually might like men*. Something settled over his chest then, some content feeling that there actually is no limit to his parent's love, that they won't give him up just because he likes someone of the same gender.

His mother made meatballs and Dream loved them just as she predicted. Dream just knew enough about sports to hold a conversation with his father, quite a lot about cooking to gush with his mother about the sauce she made and George honestly felt like he had to have a load of good karma for the universe to gift him someone like Dream. He was definitely born under some lucky stars.

People called them soulmates a lot but he never really paid attention to that, the concept seemed all made up to him, a lustful wish, a hopeless dream about some kind of gracious love. If Dream was made for him, he wouldn't have eyes in a colour he couldn't see, he wouldn't live an ocean away. But then George looks to their hands, still intertwined, and it just feels so right.

So right, so perfect, just enough.

Maybe he has to reassess his opinion on soulmates now.

## Chapter End Notes

I actually can't believe this is the end. It's over guys. Like what am I supposed to do now? I shouldn't have hyperfixated on this so much what will I do now? I'm ruined!

I will be real with you guys, I don't care about numbers (that's a lie haha, I sometimes care about my instagram likes way too much) but seeing and feeling your support this past two weeks has been the best moment of this year so far. I'm not someone that accepts compliments easily and I always feel like my writing is very mediocre at best because I'm not really the kind of writer I would want to be, but your comments actually make me doubt my doubts. Double doubt! I haven't posted my writing publicly in like 5 years and like even stopped writing during those years and this has been kind of spontaneous return and your kind words made me believe that there could be a future for me and writing. If I'm gonna be a failed writer in 10 years, I'm gonna come back and blame you all. (I won't really, I will just come back to read the comments and remember my glory days haha)

But I firmly believe there is something to be said about destiny. If my cat did not die in January I would have never hyperfixated on the Dream SMP and we wouldn't be here right now. Funny how that works. Thanks for the serotonin, I deeply appreciate every single comment/kudos/read you ever left here.

Thank you. I hope you enjoyed your time here, from the feral beginning to the too sweet ending. You can mention what you hated, what you loved, what lines hit you hard, if you have any questions...anything. Let it all out.

Now stop your crying, have the time of your life.

<3

## End Notes

My [Tumblr](#) that I sometimes use.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!